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DRESSING BABY.—[Drawn by F. Wyburd.]

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

THE END OF THE TRIAL.

THE result of the great trial will probably be known when this paper is issued. Nothing new in evidence, except the extraordinary dispatch to Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, and nothing new in argument has been developed during all the long proceedings. That the President thought the law unconstitutional; that the Cabinet were of the same opinion; that he would assert that Mr. STANTON does not stand within the law; that he would profess an edifying purity of purpose, and urge that he alone could bring the law to the judicial test, were all familiar propositions. They have been amplified, intensified, elaborated, combined, and reiterated by the skillful counsel of the President, excepting Mr. NELSON, whose speech, however well meant, must be regarded as a burlesque. But no dextrous decoration can make vulgarity seem to be refinement, and no ability of the advocate can conceal the significance of familiar facts, or bewilder the plain public judgment upon them.

For not the Senate only, but the whole country has been sitting as a Court of Impeachment. The country will also render its verdict, whatever that of the Senate may be. It is not likely to be confused by the loud cry of Congressional absorption of power, because it sees that in the very nature of government, however skillfully checks and balances may be devised, no checkmate can be supposed to be intended, and therefore the final, supreme power must reside somewhere. It knows that in our system it resides with the people, under certain prescribed forms. Under those forms it remains with them always and at every moment; and therefore, when the Executive in the judgment of the Representatives is accused of high misdemeanors, and in the judgment of the Senate is guilty and removed from office, it is still the people exercising under those forms the supreme sovereign power. If the action of the President within the limit of those of his powers which are vague and doubtful betrays a disposition to thwart the will of the country as decidedly expressed in Congress, it is the duty of Congress to restrain and control his action as far as it lawfully may, and to prevent the mischief which he may contemplate. And when his dullness or his daring transcend the plain bounds of his official discretion it is the duty of the House instantly to arraign him, and in the name of the people whom it represents to state why it demands his removal.

Mr. BOUTWELL's argument for the Managers was the clear, ample, admirable statement of the people against the President. He showed conclusively that the assumption of the Executive was fatal to national peace; and his reasoning upon the constitutional point of the senatorial advice as necessary to removal as to appointment was peculiarly good and strictly harmonious with the seventy-sixth Number of the *Federalist*, in which the question is fully discussed contemporaneously with the formation of the Constitution.

With great force and sobriety Mr. BOUTWELL also urged the view that we have constantly advocated, that it is no excuse for the violation of a law by the Executive that he wished to test its validity. He is sworn to see that the laws are faithfully executed. If he may, after exhausting his veto, still continue to impose it, under the plea of seeking a judicial approval of the constitutionality of the law, the Congress of the United States is reduced to a mere committee of suggestion, and if Congress should fail to exercise its rightful authority to withstand such usurpation, its assent would be its own abolition as the chief department of the Government, and the consummation of a revolution which would inevitably lead to an overthrow of our whole symmetrical political system. For such an act no good motive can be pleaded, because none can be supposed. When an officer has taken an oath faithfully to execute a law, and then deliberately violates it upon a plea which would make him the judge in every instance whether he would observe his oath or not, and upon a plea which necessarily clothes him with enormous and dangerous power, the fact that he says it is all done for the public welfare is of no importance. If he sincerely thinks it to be so, it is still of no importance. The will of the most virtuous and sagacious man in the country can not be suffered to become the Government. If he try to make it so the presumption is wholly against him; and it is not necessary to show that his motive is bad for an act which is subversive of the fundamental law.

Nor upon the ground that Mr. STANTON does not stand within the law, and that, consequently, his removal was no violation of the law, have we ever had any doubt. The intention of the law was plainly expressed during the debate upon its passage. It was introduced after the determination of the President to thwart Congress was apparent, and when Congress felt it to be, as it undoubtedly was, its duty to limit his action as stringently as it Constitutionally could. It was felt that, if the President could remove his Cabinet at his pleasure and surround himself with men willing to be his tools, the national peril was palpably increased. The passage of the law was resisted upon the very ground that it perplexed the President in the selection of his political family and counselors. We heard this argument urged in the Senate. It was repeated in the newspapers. The law was opposed as special legislation. It was defended upon the ground that when peculiar peril revealed the necessity of a law, that fact could be no argument against it, provided there were nothing objectionable in the principle. We know that certain leading men felt the law to be imperatively necessary in order to retain Mr. STANTON in the War Department, which they considered to be an essential point. And we think that events have justified their view.

If this were the intention, there is certainly no fair doubt of the words of the law. If we follow Mr. GROESBECK into what we must call quibbling, the law says that the Secretary of War, with the other Secretaries, shall hold office "for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month after, subject to removal" with the consent of the Senate. Now, President LINCOLN appointed Mr. STANTON, and when the Tenure-of-Office Act was passed Mr. STANTON held by President LINCOLN's appointment, and for President LINCOLN's term. The Vice-President succeeding Mr. LINCOLN, whether in the first or in the last week of his term, serves only for the remainder of that term. Mr. GROESBECK says that the dead have no estate. Does Mr. JOHNSON, then, serve as President until the 15th of April, 1869, which, according to Mr. GROESBECK's theory, is the end of *his* term of four years? If Mr. LINCOLN had lived until now would Mr. JOHNSON have served for four years from now? Certainly he would, unless he is filling the Presidential term for which Mr. LINCOLN was elected. Mr. GROESBECK's question of "which term" of Mr. LINCOLN's is not so important as he seemed to think it. A Secretary appointed by a President and continued by him upon his re-election is, in common-sense, reappointed. And if Mr. STANTON's office *were* vacated by the Tenure-of-Office Law, then he has been holding the office by the President's permission, who has thus contravened the second section of the Act. But if Mr. JOHNSON believed that Mr. STANTON did not stand within the law why did he suspend him in accordance with the law, and thus acknowledge by his official action that he recognized it as valid? Indeed, the President has no defense but a quibble—and even the quibble is not sound. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS's speech, which it was supposed might be very intemperate in tone, was admirable both in substance and manner. Two sentences we quote, and commend to the Chicago Convention: "Good deeds will never be done, wise acts will never be executed, except by the virtuous and the conscientious. May the people of this republic remember this good old doctrine when they next meet to select their rulers, and may they select only the brave and the virtuous."

If the judgment of the Senate shall be what we have no doubt the intelligent public opinion of the country expects, ANDREW JOHNSON will be removed from the office whose sworn duty he has violated, and which he has disgraced beyond precedent. He is not a man to remain silent. He will doubtless do all that he can do by speeches upon the stump to secure the ascendency of the party that was friendly to the rebellion, and hates the results which the war secured—results which will surely be gradually established in the national conviction and policy. If removed, he passes from public official life without a serious regret upon the part of any human being. He can not claim for himself, nor will any man claim for him, the dignity and consideration of a martyr to great principles. If, indeed, his character and career had been spotless, noble, and humane; had he committed the same offense with a clear and palpably upright purpose, although it might have been necessary to show by the last resort that no man, with whatever honest intention, must presume to substitute his will for the law, yet then the homage that the world always gladly pays to honest error and humane purpose would have followed his retirement.

If the judgment of the Senate shall be other than we believe it must be, that of the intelligence and loyalty of the country will still remain. The usurpation indeed will continue and increase. The national agitation will be deepened. The spirit that rebelled, and is still defiant, will be quickened into still more baleful activity. The country will move one step nearer to breaking its pecuniary faith with its creditors, and its moral faith with the freedmen. The heart of every lover of liberty and of free institutions in the world will ache as he watches the results of the great victory of civilization delayed. But the conscience, and intelligence, and devotion that successfully surmounted every trial of the war would not decline the embittered political contest that the acquittal of the President would provoke; and the same sagacious, silent, resistless leader who triumphantly ended the war, would bring the old foe under a new face to unconditional surrender.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

WE recently described the general character of the new constitutions for the Southern States, showing that they were, with the exception of Louisiana, and perhaps of Virginia, not seriously different in their provisions from those of the other States. The elections upon the question of their ratification have now occurred in Louisiana, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Arkansas. In all these States they have undoubtedly been adopted, and Republican officers elected. The wise action of Congress in requiring merely a majority of the actual voters instead of the registered voters has produced a most desirable result. There has been in all the States a political contest. This of itself tends to restore a wholesome normal condition. It disturbs the apathy in which "Conservatism" was resolved to intrench itself, and by compelling the limbs to move in the accustomed way helps to restore the healthful circulation of the whole system.

There has been also, so far as appears, and thanks to judicious military supervision, very little open terrorism. The white and colored population have voted together and not always against each other. Apparently the colored voters have had a fair chance, and especially in South Carolina they have been even propitiated by the Democratic leaders. Nothing, indeed, is more striking than that while the Democratic party in the North, in all the old stupid ways, is carefully fostering hostility of race, and is loudly despising the colored population, the party chiefs in South Carolina are warily wooing its support. Superior sagacity explains the old ascendency of the Southern leaders. They always despised their Northern allies, to whom they gave a policy and places. The Northern wing was the rank and file. It fetched and carried and hewed and drew water. And so servile was its subserviency that now, when the whole political situation is changed and the necessities are wholly new, the Northern wing still continues the exemplary effort to prove that the Lord evidently meant FREDERICK DOUGLASS to be the dumb chattel of WIGFALL or WIRZ; that day before yesterday is to-morrow; and that the war must be immediately unfought.

The wiser of the old adherents of the party in the Southern States have learned something. If their wisdom had been general in that region the elections might have resulted differently, and the political situation of the South have been far more agreeable to "the natural governors of the country." It is, however, improbable that the Democratic party as a party will ever again absolutely control the Southern States. As education extends—education, the great restorer and civilizer—and the general principles, purpose, and history of the Republican party become known both to the white and colored population in those States, the party, whatever its name, which embodies those principles will receive the support of the truly faithful, intelligent, and humane citizens. The Democratic party, like the technically Conservative party in all free countries, will even more plainly appear to be what it has long been, a combination of the extremes of society, its great bulk composed of the most ignorant of the population; the kind of alliance that DISRAELI and the Tories hope for in England, that the King and the Lazaroni made in Naples. But the mass of the intelligent, moral, progressive population of the country could never unite with the Democratic party under any leaders which it now presents, or with any principles which it now advocates. And when it changes those leaders and principles it ceases to be the Democratic party as we know it.

Upon a Presidential platform of hostility to the colored race, which the Northern Democratic majority will demand, the South Carolina leaders of the party can not support the candidate without hopelessly alienating all colored support. The policy of the party upon that subject can not safely vary with the States, because it is a point of paramount importance, and necessarily involved in the election. The voice of the Republican party at Chicago will be clear and unequivocal for equal rights. To shirk the subject, as the Democratic Convention may try to do, and to leave it aside as a matter for State decision, is of course, to unite the whole vote of those who are affected by the decision upon the party which has a principle favorable to them and is not afraid to express it.

Meanwhile reactions have their term. The cry of "White man's Government!" will not elect a President of the United States; and the colored voters of the Southern States will never again be, as a class, disfranchised.

TAXATION AND PRODUCTION.

LABOR, or the product of labor, is the source of all wealth. This is the first principle in political economy. Excess of production over consumption enriches; a deficiency causes debt and creates taxation. Any measure, therefore, that tends to stimulate production should meet with hearty approval. For this reason the public has regarded with favor the Act of Congress removing the tax on manufactures. Intrinsically, it was a judicious measure, and accorded with the judgment of those best conversant with the business and financial interests of the country. It was part of the feasible plan of relief suggested by our able Special Commissioner of Revenue, Mr. WELLS.

It is true, as cautious men urge, that the curtailment of the revenue by the amount of $24,000,000 which the tax on cotton yielded, and of $68,000,000 raised from taxes on manufactures, including iron and its products, must only work ultimate mischief unless there be a corresponding reduction in the Government expenditure. But it is not our purpose to discuss this point. Obviously there are other impediments to production than industrial taxes and a depreciated currency. They are easily designated, and their names—are Idleness and Speculation. Positively, one-tenth of all the available labor in the country which should be doing active service as a beneficent agent in the work of production, is continually seeking to reap where it has not sown. It seeks to obtain wealth while it contributes nothing to that which creates wealth. Also, there is an abundance of capital in the country, which is idle or non-producing. Such labor and such capital may both be termed active, in a certain sense; but the activity is that represented at the gaming-table, where millions change hands and enrich no one. They might better be locked up within strong vaults and prison-doors.

The effect of the war was to disorganize labor, especially in the fruitful agricultural districts of the South. Hundreds of thousands of negro laborers who once increased the productive resources of the nation have since necessarily become a charge upon the country. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property have been wiped out in that section. All this available labor must be restored and this wasted property reproduced. No effort should be spared to secure the return of the former prosperity of the South and its invaluable contributions to the wealth of the country. When it can materially assist the North in the great work of recuperation, we shall find the national burden materially lightened. We shall then have less need for appeals to legislative action for relief.

But it is not in the South only that we witness a deplorable disorganization of labor and a decrease of productive industry. The North has suffered in degree, if not in kind. A considerable period of fictitious prosperity, forced in the hot-bed of an inflated currency, accustomed our people to improvidence, luxury, and extravagance. Fortunes came at the bidding, and great gains followed upon the fluctuations of the market and the vicissitudes of the struggle. But this condition of things no longer exists. The opportunity is past, and yet the infatuation of speculative ventures retains its hold upon the public. The people are reluctant to return to the old-fashioned, methodical, honest way of doing business, and refuse to be content with certain but moderate profits. It is the old story once more repeated. In every paper-money era legitimate business suffers. Contempt for the slow gains of trade, and an inordinate impatience to be rich, characterize the period. The great aim is to secure the largest reward for the smallest amount of labor—to produce as little as possible and divide the earnings of those who work. Agrarian doctrines are insidiously presented. Labor Unions are formed to compel the payment of large wages at the very time when business is most depressed. Strike follows strike in every department of industry, and always at times most inopportune. Men forget that by applying themselves energetically to increase production, they would thereby secure cheaper living, which amounts to the same as higher wages. The course they choose to pursue only destroys the fountain from which they would drink.

But the laborer, the operative, and the miner are merely following the path that others tread. Advertisers in the newspapers offer large bonuses for *paying* salaries. Bankers lend money for large interest on doubtful collaterals. Thousands of idlers daily tempt fortune at the Stock Exchange, and permit neither night-time nor Sabbath to interrupt their greed. Fifteen hundred brokers live upon the substance of others in the city of New York alone. Railroad jobs and jobbery, gift enterprises, and swindles of all kinds fill up the measure of speculative enterprise. It is said that in the appointment-room of the Treasury Department alone, at Washington, there are between fifteen and twenty thousand applications on file! Every bureau swarms with eager place-seekers—mere non-producers who suck vitality from the nation and swell the taxes which it has to pay. So it is every where. The cities and large towns are filled with adventurers of this kind who seek to live by their wits instead of their labor. Policy offices and faro banks are counted by the thousands. Every day we read of embezzlements, forgery, counterfeiting, and blackmailing. What swarms of leeches feed and fatten upon our life-blood! What hosts are shunning the legitimate fields of labor, where well-directed energy and application would lay the foundation of a solid competence, and yield such reward as would fill the national ex-

chequer to overflowing, and wipe out taxation and debt!

Is it beyond the truth to say that the country has become corrupted and demoralized by the folly and recklessness with which national and state affairs have often been managed? Fraud is reduced to a system. Legislation is employed to the advantage of speculators. Official information is made use of to dabble in the funds. Large class interests, partisan schemes, and political projects depend upon a profuse expenditure for their success. Place-holders and place-seekers must be provided for. It is difficult to prosecute the work of economy and retrenchment under this order of things. Until circumstances change we can look to no better plan for preserving the nation from bankruptcy than by the inauguration of measures that shall stimulate production and induce the vast army of idlers, plunderers, and beggars to turn their attention to the farm, the work-bench, and the counting-room. If they could be made to work, the annual income of the country would at least remain equal to the expenditure.

ASSASSINATION.

A CAUSE must be very strong to retain public sympathy through all the cruel crimes of its supporters. Our own Revolution was, upon one side at least, as honorable a war as was ever waged, and the fame of the brilliant BURGOYNE is forever tarnished by his employment of savage allies. That in the midst of the battle and bloodshed of seven years the murder of one young woman like JANE M'CREA should be separately and sadly remembered, is an illustration of the general observance of what must be called the rules of civilized warfare that distinguished the long struggle.

But the Irish movement for reform seems sure to lose sympathy and respect by the cowardly crimes of Fenians. Some men are now being tried in London for attempting to blow down a prison wall by powder; an attempt that necessarily frightfully imperiled the lives of hundreds of innocent persons. Just as the trial begins Mr. THOMAS DARCY M'GEE is stealthily shot at his own door, in Canada, at the dead of night; and just before, Prince ALFRED is shot in the back at Sydney, in Australia. All these crimes were committed by people calling themselves Fenians; and at one time it seemed as if a system of petty terror was to begin throughout England.

The manner of these crimes is observable. Two of them are assassinations. This is the very kind of offense which most deeply stirs the indignation of every man who, whatever the provocation, demands fair play, and they are the great majority of mankind. The dagger of the assassin usually stabs his own cause to the heart; and no assassin in history ever truly helped his friends. The blackest spot in the story of PHILIP II., perhaps as bad a man—measured by the mischief he did—as ever lived, was his employment of assassins to remove his most illustrious enemies. The worst charge against JEFFERSON DAVIS is that he had knowledge of plots of assassination without denouncing them, and that he tolerated the Andersonville pen and the designs of BLACKBURN. The murder of ROSSI in Rome has always darkened the cause of the Italian Liberals. It is not indeed just to hold a cause accountable for the offenses of all who profess to espouse it; but where there is a uniformity in the character of the offense the result is inevitable. The Irish method has always been the worst method. It is a secret conspiracy—a Whiteboyism. The Irish oppression by England has indeed been horrible, but so has the revenge.

In this country we have hitherto been remarkably free from any serious attempt even at this abominable crime of assassination. One great tragedy of the kind will forever sadden our history; but it is not a crime of the preponderating race. Some Southern paper remarks that the epoch of assassination which usually follows a civil war has not yet begun. No, nor will it begin. The Southern paper, which probably did not deeply lament the murder of President LINCOLN, may be very sure that that event recalled the public mind in the midst of a gush of generous feeling to the reflection that the consequences of the demoralization wrought by Slavery would long be painfully evident; and it may also assure itself that every Ku-Klux Klan Society is the most effective GRANT Club that can be established in the Southern States.

The best service that any Southern editor or political leader can do his friends is to exhort them to attempt openly whatever they attempt, and to warn them that secret assassination or open massacre is the policy which will longest delay their restoration to the sympathy of the Union, and most surely protract their own suffering. The massacre at New Orleans, the recent murder of ASHMUN, reveal a spirit and state of society which it is of the utmost importance that every honest citizen of the country should understand. In the same way it would be very judicious for the American leaders of Fenianism to teach their followers that every assassin's shot fired in their cause wounds Ireland, and nothing else.

THE ERIE RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

WE should feel very guilty if we suffered so fearful a tragedy as the late accident upon the Erie Railway to be merely a nine-days' wonder. It is because such massacres are permitted to be so soon forgotten that they so constantly occur. Last week we referred to the report of the Superintendent of the Road, which stated in the strongest terms, long before the accident, the perilously unsafe condition of the road. We now understand that this startling exposition was followed by *a reduction of the rates of fare;* a proceeding which amounted to an invitation from the Directors to the public to use their road rather than that of its chief competitor, the New York Central. Although these measures have been subjected to the criticism that they were promulgated with a view to affect the pending controversy between the managers of these rival lines; yet it appears from the report of the coroner's jury that the accident which occurred near Port Jervis was occasioned by a broken rail; and, if this is to be believed, it will be accepted as some confirmation of what the Engineer of the Road alleged, and as showing that the reduction of fare was imprudent, as likely to result in crowding the cars of an unsafe road. Those passengers who have gone to their last home no doubt felt as those who now linger in the agonies of death probably feel, that their misfortune was due to the great imprudence of the management in attempting to increase the amount of travel when the opposite policy should have been pursued. This circumstance will doubtless be taken into view by juries in estimating damages, who will thus express the condemnation which the community can only quietly utter.

It is much to be deplored that this great artery of travel has reached this condition. The public not only need the advantage of a competing line *with* that of the New York Central in high order, but also that it shall be managed and maintained at all times *as* a competing line. If the two roads shall be managed by one interest, the city of New York, which requires to have the rates of transportation established on a reasonable basis, might find that its connection with the interior—which constitutes the foundation of its prosperity—would be controlled by a single board of railroad managers, if not by one individual: a condition of affairs sure to become intolerable.

The report of the coroner's jury presents the naked statement of an officer of the Company that the accident was occasioned by a broken rail; but there appears to have been no cross-examination of the witnesses, and the affair presents the shape of a mere white-washing transaction. If there were a Legislature, governed by proper motives, the character of this report would animate them to give to these investigations the scope necessary for presenting to the public a perfectly clear understanding of the causes of accident, so as to guard against them in future. But neither in the case of the Angola disaster nor in this can any certain judgment be formed as to the particular means by which a terrible disaster was occasioned. The Company in each case has a powerful motive to shield itself from censure and from heavy verdicts; while, on the other side, the motive is far weaker, and there are none to represent the public. The power of a great corporation overshadows every other interest throughout the thinly-populated region traversed by its line, and enables it to control those officials who practice on the example which our corrupt legislation presents. It is not at all improbable that the damaging influence of what annually occurs at Albany will affect all the local institutions of the State. It is fast becoming true that the assemblage of ROBIN HOOD and his followers in their caves and sheds could not have been regarded with more solicitude by the objects of their violence than is the annual meeting of our Legislature by the honest people of the State.

From the statements of a passenger we learn one fact of importance, which confirms views on the subject of the construction of cars which need to be carefully considered. It is stated that the car, in its descent to the river, became an utter wreck, and that its sides fell open and lay adjoining and parallel with the bottom, the roof thrown across the three pieces. This car was ventilated on the new plan, with windows in the roof, immediately above the oblong opening, which for its appearance is so much admired. We lately stated that cars of this fashion could not stand a severe shock, inasmuch as the roof timbers do not reach from one side to the other, and thus form a strong frame; but these timbers end at each side of the large oblong opening above the passengers, which is left for purposes of light and ventilation. It is not difficult to build a car solidly, the roof timbers carried across, and framed and bolted into those of the side, so that it would roll over without instantly separating. But the car as now generally built is a shell, and can afford no means of safety in case of a severe shock. This method of building cars will undoubtedly be dispensed with, but not until many more lives have been sacrificed.

The Erie Railroad has lately carried this folly to an unusual extreme by adding about ten feet to the length of their cars, and by making a corresponding increase of the length of that portion of the roof which is devoted to ventilation and light. We stated some time ago that, in case of a severe accident, the upper part of the roof, fastened only by weak stanchions to that below, would fall in and complicate the disaster. This was the case at Port Jervis. How many passengers were injured by this means does not appear; but such a structure is so manifestly imperfect that Juries, in the absence of legislation to prevent the building of weak and dangerous cars, must award damages with a view to force Companies into their construction on a plan calculated to furnish all practicable safety in case of a serious accident. A well framed and bolted car, the bottom, sides, and top securely fastened together, may be strong as well as properly ventilated, whereas ventilation only is provided for by the present method. As cars are now built, when an accident occurs, sides, roof, seats, stoves, and passengers are instantly thrown together in one common destruction.

If, however, Juries will perform their duties firmly, some amends for defective legislation may be made, and the public be afforded some degree of protection. But Juries will fail also, if the Press does not steadily expose to public condemnation those who accept the immense responsibility of thousands of human lives without the least thought or care of any thing beyond a successful financial speculation.

ABYSSINIA AND PARAGUAY.

OF the two wars which have recently engaged public attention, that in Abyssinia is apparently ended by the overwhelming victory of the British army and the death of King THEODORUS; while that in Paraguay is brought near its end by the fall of the Paraguayan fortress of Humaita. The Abyssinian war was undertaken for the release of some captives held by the King of the country, and it has been entirely successful; for the captives have been released by a single blow, and the army has only to march triumphantly homeward. The result is, of course, an occasion of pride to every Englishman, who will feel even more consciously than before that there is no corner of the earth so remote that the protection of his Government is not sure; and it will shed a glory upon the beginning of the administration of DISRAELI, which, we think, will require all the glory it can secure from external circumstances.

If in Paraguay the fall of Humaita leads to the freedom of the River Plate and to the overthrow of LOPEZ, the war will have been worth while, and civilization will be the gainer. LOPEZ is a bandit and a pirate, who rushes out upon the river by which his territory is situated, and seizes, plunders, and imprisons honest travelers. A dozen years ago the American steamer *Water Witch* was fired upon by his predecessor, and we believe father, of the same name, and several of the ship's company were killed and wounded. The people of Paraguay are the slaves of LOPEZ, who is the only great trader in the country, and who might be left to himself, like any other barbarian, if he did not molest innocent people. Paraguay is sometimes called a republic, and attempts have been made to excite sympathy for it against the empire of Brazil. It is the same kind of republic that NAPOLEON's camp was. We hope sincerely that the Allies will prevail; that LOPEZ will be banished, like ROSAS, or effectually tethered; and that the river may be securely and finally opened to civilization.

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ABROAD.

MR. BANCROFT has written to Mr. SEWARD to prove the correctness of his own interpretation of the late treaty by the assent of Mr. KÖNIG, the plenipotentiary who signed the treaty upon the part of Germany. Ex-Consul MEIER, of Bremen, well-known in European mercantile circles, and long a resident of the United States, reported the treaty to the Diet with his full approval. Mr. SCHLEIDEN, long Minister from Bremen to the United States, also supported it. Other eminent members of the Diet approved it, and finally Count BISMARCK upon general request, and that there might be no misunderstanding, said:

"The literal observation of the treaty includes in itself that those whom we are bound to acknowledge as American citizens can not be held to military duty in North Germany. *That is the main purpose of the treaty.* Whosoever emigrates, *bona fide,* with the purpose of residing permanently in America, shall meet no obstacle on our part to his becoming an American citizen, and his *bona fides* will be assumed when he shall have passed five years in that country, and, renouncing his North German nationalities, shall have become an American citizen......I might almost assert that we will treat the five years' absence in America, when connected with naturalization, as a fulfillment of the military duty in the North German Confederacy.......The German-American citizen, on resuming his relations as a citizen of North Germany, would, under the treaty, stand in the light of a foreigner emigrating into North Germany; that he could not be held to the discharge of any old military duty, but only to such 'new' military duty as would attach to every foreigner emigrating into North Germany and becoming naturalized there."

When the question was put upon the adoption of the treaty the whole Diet, with the exception of a few Poles, who—as it seemed to Mr. BANCROFT, merely declined voting—rose to their feet with alacrity. There can be no further question of the true meaning of the treaty.

TRUE NEWSPAPER COURTESY.

THE New York *World* recently undertook to read the New York *Tribune* a lecture upon civility in Journalism. As an illustration of what the *World's* idea of civility is we quote the following from its Washington correspondence:

"So execrable a shape as that of BUTLER during this delivery surely never contorted itself before a respectable assemblage; cushioned in the dreadful hollow of his baldhead, and making a foot-stool of his protruding eye-ball, the imp of insolence could fairly be seen to sit. Ugly elves appeared to perch astride his nose and dangle from his flabby ears. His hair was populous with phantoms of hideous creeping things. A bad odor must have exhaled from him—the odor of loathsome hates, meannesses, and spites."

Three years ago, when ANDREW JOHNSON succeeded Mr. LINCOLN, the same New York *World,* with the same strict regard for true civility in Journalism, spoke of him as "the person who defiled our chief council chamber with the spewings of a drunken boor;" "this insolent drunken brute in comparison with whom even CALIGULA's horse was respectable;" "this insolent, clownish drunkard." "Betrayed by his own beastly instincts and his boorish mind." "Nothing better is to be expected of him. These are the habits of his lifetime." "It is ridiculous to suppose that he ever had any political principles." "The low boor."

It is pleasant to know that the *World* is as devoted as ever to the great cause of newspaper courtesy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE proceedings in the trial of the Impeachment have been confined since our last to the delivery of arguments, *pro* and *con,* by the Managers and counsel. Mr. Boutwell, on the part of the Managers, began his argument on April 23, continuing it until the middle of the session on April 24. Mr. Nelson, of the President's counsel, followed, and on April 25 Mr. Groesbeck for the same side delivered a brief but able argument in defense of the President's course. Mr. Stevens attempted to read his speech on April 27, but his voice failing him, Mr. Butler concluded it for him. He was followed by Mr. Williams.

NEWS ITEMS.

The first attempts to launch the United States steamer *Monongahela,* at St. Thomas, have failed.

Governor Pierpoint, of Virginia, has preferred serious charges of aiding the rebels against General Schofield. Still more unfortunately for the General, President Johnson has nominated him to be Secretary of War, "*vice* Edwin M. Stanton, to be removed."

Dispatches from the Plains teem with accounts of bold Indian outrages. A party of braves fearlessly entered a military post on the railroad and drove off the cattle. Two travelers at Antelope station and four men cutting wood near Fort M'Pherson were killed.

A member of the Ku-Klux Klan was killed in Mississippi recently by a party of negroes whom he and other members were trying to frighten.

Elections in Tennessee and Nashville have been postponed.

The Delaware Republican State Convention met in Dover on April 24, and adopted resolutions supporting Congress, and favoring General Grant for the Presidency. No instructions were given to the delegates relative to the Vice-Presidency, but the opinion of the Convention is believed to be favorable to Wade.

A boiler explosion in Mainstee, Michigan, on April 22, killed nine workmen and wounded six others.

The election in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia have resulted in the adoption of the new Constitution by large majorities. The new Constitutions have now been ratified in Arkansas, South Carolina, Louisiana, North Carolina, and Georgia. A large majority voted to ratify that of Alabama; but a provision of the law required that a majority of the registered votes was necessary to the ratification of the Constitution. This difficulty Congress is now legislating upon and will remedy, thereby restoring Alabama. Mississippi, Florida, and Texas are yet to vote upon their Constitutions.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON has been enjoying quite a number of sensations. Not to mention the rejoicings over the Abyssinian victory, she has been excited at a Fenian attempt to fire Buckingham Palace, and horrified by a Fenian attempt to assassinate Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. The story of the attempt to fire the palace is based on the arrest of two men near the servants' door with a hamper of Greek fire. They made a desperate resistance, but were secured. Prince Alfred went ashore from his vessel at Sydney, Australia, on March 12, and was shot and dangerously wounded by a man named Farrell, who was arrested. He is said to be a member of the Fenian organization in Australia. The Prince sailed for England immediately, and was slowly recovering. The would-be assassin was tried and condemned to be hung.

Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons on April 27, alluded to the conquest of Abyssinia by General Napier as equaled only by that of Mexico by Cortéz.

Napoleon III., fully convinced of the truth of the old adage that "Satan has something still for idle hands to do," has decided to keep the French mind, and hand, and stomach busy and full by making vast improvements in the public roads in the interior of France.

The Barbadoes Legislature has set those of our States and Congress a good example by excluding all contractors from office.

Prince Humbert, heir to the throne of Italy, was married to his cousin, the Princess Marguerite of Savoy, on April 22. Pius IX. granted a dispensation for the marriage. Prince William of Prussia, Prince Napoleon (who married a sister of the bridegroom), and many other notables attended the wedding.

Lord Stanley admits that Russia has proposed interference in behalf of Crete, but England declined doing any thing about it. The proposition came, perhaps, too soon after the visit of the Sultan of Turkey.

The work of reducing the Prussian army to the peace footing began on May 1.

General Baez is once more in St. Domingo, and for the third time, in as many years, has been sworn in as President of that much-disrupted little Republic.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, OF NEW YORK.

MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, commencing commercial life in New York in 1784 as porter to ROBERT BROWNE, furrier, at the weekly wages of $2 and his board, died in 1848 worth more than $20,000,000. About $2,000,000 of this he bequeathed to various grandchildren and others, to the Astor Library, the German Society of New York, and to the "Astor House" established in his native town in Germany; the remainder fell to his eldest son, the present head of the family, and the one of whom we herewith present an accurate portrait. He had previously received a large bequest from his uncle HENRY, the butcher; and this added to the $18,000,000 left him by his father gave him a fair start in life. He has since increased his wealth, or rather it has increased itself, to at least double what it was in 1848, and it is even said that he is worth at this time $80,000,000. He has never engaged in any trade or speculation; but has confined his operations to the purchase of real estate and the collection of his rent-roll.

There is probably less known of WILLIAM B. ASTOR than of any other prominent or wealthy man in this or any other country. His wealth and his age are alike indefinite; he keeps the amount of his rent-rolls and the number of his years to himself; and no record is to be found of either. He *may* be seventy-four, as his father married SARAH TODD in 1790; but in appearance he is not more than sixty-five. The events of his life have been few. What little there is known of his actions is to his great credit. The first acts of his life, after coming into possession of his property, was to increase the Astor Library fund, the HALLECK annuity, and other bequests of his father; and he has aided many other commendable charities in an unostentatious way. His habits are quiet and secluded. He has an office in Prince Street, near Broadway—one of the smallest houses in New York, and which looks more like the fire-proof vault of a great bank than the business office of the richest man in America. He is to be seen occasionally at this office, and on his way to and from it walking in Broadway. He seldom rides. He prefers to walk less from economical motives than a desire to preserve his health by exercise; and it is notable that in all his business transactions he is controlled by a wise and yet liberal economy, as in his social habits he is guided by a sensible regard to the laws of hygiene. As his economy has resulted in preserving and increasing his wealth, his quiet habits and constant exercise have combined to make him one of the healthiest and strongest men of his age in the country. His economical turn of mind, inherited from his father, has not, however, prevented him from being a very liberal man; but the world hears but little of his charities, though, with his thousand and one tenants, Mr. ASTOR bears the reputation of being "a good landlord," which is not a bad recommendation in this crowded city of hard-hearted landlords and complaining tenants. And his love of seclusion has not prevented him from being a pleasant but quiet companion to his troops of friends and admirers.

PRAIRIE PLOWING.

WE remember years ago, when Illinois was a new State and its prairie lands were being sold at a bargain to induce emigration, hearing a practical farmer, who had been reading a description of the country, remark, "Why, thar aren't no stumps to plow around!" The generally prevailing impression in regard to prairie country is not unlike that of the old farmer; and it is believed by many emigrants to the West that farming on the prairies of the West is easy labor. The soil is undoubtedly rich, but it is no light labor to turn it. Such has been the experience at least of the multitudes of farmers who have followed the Pacific Railroad, and who are engaged in breaking land along that route. Our artist has given us a sketch of a farmer breaking soil for the first time on a Kansas prairie. The heavy sub-soil plows require three and four yoke of oxen to drag them through the tough, solid soil; and our illustration fully represents the difficulties of prairie plowing.

PLOWING ON THE PRAIRIES BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

STORM ON THE SEA.

Sadly the winds are moaning, wailing,
  Calling over the sea:
Asketh my spirit, weak and failing,
  Are they making their moan for me?

The children are digging graves in the sand,
  Along the shore of the sea;
Little heed they or understand—
  Are they digging a grave for me?

'Twixt heaven and earth an angel flieth,
  Wide-winged, over the sea;
And my trembling heart within me crieth,
  Brings he a message for me?

Homeward the laden ships are hasting,
  Hasting over the sea,
Afar the sheen of their white sails casting:
  Is there a haven for me?

Heavily gathers the black storm-cloud,
  Lowering over the sea,
And winds are shrieking in mast and shroud:
  It is night, dark night, with me.

Here is life after death, and peace out of pain,
  Calm after storm on the sea,
Clear is the shining after the rain:
  The morning breaks for me.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

"I have lost a beautiful girl, an excellent social position, and a handsome income," Mr. Godfrey began; "and I have submitted to it without a struggle. What can be the motive for such extraordinary conduct as that? My precious friend, there is no motive."

"No motive?" I repeated.

"Let me appeal, dear Miss Clack, to your experience of children," he went on. "A child pursues a certain course of conduct. You are greatly struck by it, and you attempt to get at the motive. The dear little thing is incapable of telling you its motive. You might as well ask the grass why it grows, or the birds why they sing. Well! in this matter I am like the dear little thing—like the grass—like the birds. I don't know why I made a proposal of marriage to Miss Verinder. I don't know why I have shamefully neglected my dear Ladies. I don't know why I have apostatized from the Mothers'-Small-Clothes. You say to the child, Why have you been naughty? And the little angel puts its finger into its mouth, and doesn't know. My case exactly, Miss Clack! I couldn't confess it to any body else. I feel impelled to confess it to *you!*"

I began to recover myself. A mental problem was involved here. I am deeply interested in mental problems—and I am not, it is thought, without some skill in solving them.

"Best of friends, exert your intellect and help me," he proceeded. "Tell me—why does a time come when these matrimonial proceedings of mine begin to look like something done in a dream? Why does it suddenly occur to me that my true happiness is in helping my dear Ladies, in going my modest round of useful work, in saying my few earnest words when called on by my Chairman? What do I want with a position? I have got a position. What do I want with an income? I can pay for my bread and cheese, and my nice little lodging, and my two coats a year. What do I want with Miss Verinder? She has told me with her own lips (this, dear lady, is between ourselves) that she loves another man, and that her only idea in marrying me is to try and put that other man out of her head. What a horrid union is this! Oh, dear me, what a horrid union is this! Such are my reflections, Miss Clack, on my way to Brighton! I approach Rachel with the feeling of a criminal who is going to receive his sentence. When I find that she has changed her mind too—when I hear her propose to break the engagement—I experience (there is no sort of doubt about it) a most overpowering sense of relief. A month ago I was pressing her rapturously to my bosom. An hour ago the happiness of knowing that I shall never press her again intoxicates me like strong liquor. The thing seems impossible—the thing can't be. And yet there are the facts, as I had the honor of stating them when we first sat down together in these two chairs. I have lost a beautiful girl, an excellent social position, and a handsome income; and I have submitted to it without a struggle. Can *you* account for it, dear friend? It's quite beyond *me.*"

His magnificent head sank on his breast, and he gave up his own mental problem in despair.

I was deeply touched. The case (if I may speak as a spiritual physician) was now quite plain to me. It is no uncommon event, in the experience of us all, to see the possessors of exalted ability occasionally humbled to the level of the most poorly-gifted people about them. The object, no doubt, in the wise economy of Providence, is to remind greatness that it is mortal, and that the power which has conferred it can also take it away. It was now—to my mind—easy to discern one of these salutary humiliations in the deplorable proceedings on dear Mr. Godfrey's part, of which I had been the unseen witness. And it was equally easy to recognize the welcome reappearance of his own finer nature in the horror with which he recoiled from the idea of a marriage with Rachel, and in the charming eagerness which he showed to return to his Ladies and his Poor.

I put this view before him in a few simple and sisterly words. His joy was beautiful to see. He compared himself, as I went on, to a lost man emerging from the darkness into the light. When I answered for a loving reception of him at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes, the grateful heart of our Christian Hero overflowed. He pressed my hands alternately to his lips. Overwhelmed by the exquisite triumph of having got him back among us, I let him do what he liked with my hands. I closed my eyes. I felt my head, in an ecstasy of spiritual self-forgetfulness, sinking on his shoulder. In a moment more I should certainly have swooned away in his arms, but for an interruption from the outer world, which brought me to myself again. A horrid rattling of knives and forks sounded outside the door, and the footman came in to lay the table for luncheon.

Mr. Godfrey started up, and looked at the clock on the mantle-piece.

"How time flies with *you!*" he exclaimed. "I shall barely catch the train."

"AND THAT WRETCH STANDS THERE AND TRIES TO MAKE ME DOUBT THAT MY MOTHER, WHO WAS AN ANGEL ON EARTH, IS AN ANGEL IN HEAVEN NOW!"

I ventured on asking why he was in such a hurry to get back to town. His answer reminded me of family difficulties that were still to be reconciled, and of family disagreements that were yet to come.

"I have heard from my father," he said. "Business obliges him to leave Frizinghall for London to-day, and he proposes coming on here either this evening or to-morrow. I must tell him what has happened between Rachel and me. His heart is set on our marriage—there will be great difficulty, I fear, in reconciling him to the breaking-off of the engagement. I must stop him, for all our sakes, from coming here till he *is* reconciled. Best and dearest of friends, we shall meet again!"

With those words he hurried out. In equal haste on my side, I ran up stairs to compose myself in my own room before meeting Aunt Ablewhite and Rachel at the luncheon-table.

I am well aware—to dwell for a moment yet on the subject of Mr. Godfrey—that the all-profaning opinion of the outer world has charged him with having his own private reasons for releasing Rachel from her engagement, at the first opportunity she gave him. It has also reached my ears that his anxiety to recover his place in my estimation has been attributed, in certain quarters, to a mercenary eagerness to make his peace (through me) with a venerable committee-woman at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes, abundantly blessed with the goods of this world, and a beloved and intimate friend of my own. I only notice these odious slanders for the sake of declaring that they never had a moment's influence on my mind. In obedience to my instructions, I have exhibited the fluctuations in my opinion of our Christian Hero exactly as I find them recorded in my diary. In justice to myself let me here add, that, once reinstated in his place in my estimation, my gifted friend never lost that place again. I write with the tears in my eyes, burning to say more. But no—I am cruelly limited to my actual experience of persons and things. In less than a month from the time of which I am now writing events in the money-market (which diminished even *my* miserable little income) forced me into foreign exile, and left me with nothing but a loving remembrance of Mr. Godfrey which the slander of the world has assailed, and assailed in vain.

Let me dry my eyes, and return to my narrative.

I went down stairs to luncheon, naturally anxious to see how Rachel was affected by her release from her marriage engagement.

It appeared to me—but I own I am a poor authority in such matters—that the recovery of her freedom had set her thinking again of that other man whom she loved, and that she was furious with herself for not being able to control a revulsion of feeling of which she was secretly ashamed. Who was the man? I had my suspicions—but it was needless to waste time in idle speculation. When I had converted her, she would, as a matter of course, have no concealments from Me. I should hear all about the man; I should hear all about the Moonstone. If I had had no higher object in stirring her up to a sense of spiritual things, the motive of relieving her mind of its guilty secrets would have been enough of itself to encourage me to go on.

Aunt Ablewhite took her exercise in the afternoon in an invalid chair. Rachel accompanied her. "I wish I could drag the chair," she broke out, recklessly. "I wish I could fatigue myself till I was ready to drop!"

She was in the same humor in the evening. I discovered in one of my friend's precious publications—The Life, Letters, and Labors of Miss Jane Ann Stamper, forty-fifth edition—passages which bore with a marvelous appropriateness on Rachel's present position. Upon my proposing to read them she went to the piano. Conceive how little she must have known of serious people, if she supposed that my patience was to be exhausted in that way! I kept Miss Jane Ann Stamper by me, and waited for events with the most unfaltering trust in the future.

Old Mr. Ablewhite never made his appearance that night. But I knew the importance which his worldly greed attached to his son's marriage with Miss Verinder—and I felt a positive conviction (do what Mr. Godfrey might to prevent it) that we should see him the next day. With his interference in the matter, the storm on which I had counted would certainly come, and the salutary exhaustion of Rachel's resisting powers would as certainly follow. I am not ignorant that old Mr. Ablewhite has the reputation generally (especially among his inferiors) of being a remarkably good-natured man. According to my observation of him, he deserves his reputation as long as he has his own way, and not a moment longer.

The next day, exactly as I had foreseen, Aunt Ablewhite was as near to being astonished as her nature would permit, by the sudden appearance of her husband. He had barely been a minute in the house before he was followed, to *my* astonishment this time, by an unexpected complication in the shape of Mr. Bruff.

I never remember feeling the presence of the lawyer to be more unwelcome than I felt it at that moment. He looked ready for any thing in the way of an obstructive proceeding—capable even of keeping the peace, with Rachel for one of the combatants!

"This is a pleasant surprise, Sir," said Mr. Ablewhite, addressing himself with his deceptive cordiality to Mr. Bruff. "When I left your office yesterday I didn't expect to have the honor of seeing you at Brighton to-day."

"I turned over our conversation in my mind, after you had gone," replied Mr. Bruff. "And it occurred to me that I might perhaps be of some use on this occasion. I was just in time to catch the train, and I had no opportunity of discovering the carriage in which you were traveling."

Having given that explanation he seated himself by Rachel. I retired modestly to a corner—with Miss Jane Ann Stamper on my lap in case of emergency. My aunt sat at the window, placidly fanning herself as usual. Mr. Ablewhite stood up in the middle of the room, with his bald head much pinker than I had ever seen it yet, and addressed himself in the most affectionate manner to his niece.

"Rachel, my dear," he said, "I have heard some very extraordinary news from Godfrey. And I am here to inquire about it. You have a sitting-room of your own in this house. Will you honor me by showing me the way to it?"

Rachel never moved. Whether she was determined to bring matters to a crisis, or whether she was prompted by some private sign from Mr. Bruff, is more than I can tell. She declined doing old Mr. Ablewhite the honor of conducting him to her sitting-room.

"Whatever you wish to say to me," she answered, "can be said here—in the presence of my relatives, and in the presence" (she looked at Mr. Bruff) "of my mother's trusted old friend."

"Just as you please, my dear," said the amiable Mr. Ablewhite. He took a chair. The rest of them looked at his face—as if they expected it, after seventy years of worldly training, to speak the truth. *I* looked at the top of his bald head; having noticed, on other occasions, that the temper which was really in him had a habit of registering itself *there.*

"Some weeks ago," pursued the old gentleman, "my son informed me that Miss Verinder had done him the honor to engage herself to marry him. Is it possible, Rachel, that he can have misinterpreted—or presumed upon—what you really said to him?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "I did engage myself to marry him."

"Very frankly answered!" said Mr. Ablewhite. "And most satisfactory, my dear, so far. In respect to what happened some weeks since, Godfrey has made no mistake. The error is evidently in what he told me yesterday. I begin to see it now. You and he have had a lovers' quarrel—and my foolish son has interpreted it seriously. Ah! I should have known better than that, at his age."

The fallen nature in Rachel—the mother Eve, so to speak—began to chafe at this.

"Pray let us understand each other, Mr. Ablewhite," she said. "Nothing in the least like a quarrel took place yesterday between your son and me. If he told you that I proposed breaking off our marriage engagement, and that he agreed on his side—he told you the truth."

The self-registering thermometer at the top of Mr. Ablewhite's bald head began to indicate a rise of temper. His face was more amiable than ever—but *there* was the pink at the top of his face, a shade deeper already!

"Come, come, my dear!" he said, in his most soothing manner, "now don't be angry, and don't be hard on poor Godfrey! He has evidently said some unfortunate thing. He was always clumsy from a child—but he means well, Rachel, he means well!"

"Mr. Ablewhite, I have either expressed myself very badly, or you are purposely mistaking me. Once for all, it is a settled thing between your son and myself that we remain, for the rest of our lives, cousins and nothing more. Is that plain enough?"

The tone in which she said those words made it impossible, even for old Mr. Ablewhite, to mistake her any longer. His thermometer went up another degree, and his voice, when he next spoke, ceased to be the voice which is appropriate to a notoriously good-natured man.

"I am to understand, then," he said, "that your marriage engagement is broken off?"

"You are to understand that, Mr. Ablewhite, if you please."

"I am also to take it as a matter of fact that the proposal to withdraw from the engagement came, in the first instance, from *you?*"

"It came, in the first instance, from me. And it met, as I have told you, with your son's consent and approval."

The thermometer went up to the top of the register. I mean, the pink changed suddenly to scarlet.

"My son is a mean-spirited hound!" cried this furious old worldling. "In justice to myself as his father—not in justice to *him*—I beg to ask you, Miss Verinder, what complaint you have to make of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite?"

Here Mr. Bruff interfered for the first time.

"You are not bound to answer that question," he said to Rachel.

Old Mr. Ablewhite fastened on him instantly.

"Don't forget, Sir," he said, "that you are a self-invited guest here. Your interference would have come with a better grace if you had waited until it was asked for."

Mr. Bruff took no notice. The smooth varnish on *his* wicked old face never cracked. Rachel thanked him for the advice he had given to her, and then turned to old Mr. Ablewhite—preserving her composure in a manner which (having regard to her age and her sex) was simply awful to see.

"Your son put the same question to me which you have just asked," she said. "I had only one answer for him, and I have only one answer for you. I proposed that we should release each other, because reflection had convinced me that I should best consult his welfare and mine by retracting a rash promise, and leaving him free to make his choice elsewhere."

"What has my son done?" persisted Mr. Ablewhite. "I have a right to know that. What has my son done?"

She persisted just as obstinately on her side.

"You have had the only explanation which I think it necessary to give to you, or to him," she answered.

"In plain English, it's your sovereign will and pleasure, Miss Verinder, to jilt my son?"

Rachel was silent for a moment. Sitting close behind her, I heard her sigh. Mr. Bruff took her hand, and gave it a little squeeze. She recovered herself, and answered Mr. Ablewhite as boldly as ever.

"I have exposed myself to worse misconstruction than that," she said. "And I have borne it patiently. The time has gone by when you could mortify me by calling me a jilt."

She spoke with a bitterness of tone which satisfied me that the scandal of the Moonstone had been in some way recalled to her mind. "I have no more to say," she added, wearily, not addressing the words to any one in particular, and looking away from us all, out of the window that was nearest to her.

Mr. Ablewhite got upon his feet, and pushed away his chair so violently that it toppled over and fell on the floor.

"I have something more to say on my side," he announced, bringing down the flat of his hand on the table with a bang. "I have to say that if my son doesn't feel this insult I do!"

Rachel started, and looked at him in sudden surprise.

"Insult?" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Insult!" reiterated Mr. Ablewhite. "I know your motive, Miss Verinder, for breaking your promise to my son! I know it as certainly as if you had confessed it in so many words. Your cursed family pride is insulting Godfrey, as it insulted *me* when I married your aunt. Her family—her beggarly family—turned their backs on her for marrying an honest man, who had made his own place and won his own fortune. I had no ancestors. I wasn't descended from a set of cut-throat scoundrels who lived by robbery and murder. I couldn't point to the time when the Ablewhites hadn't a shirt to their backs, and couldn't sign their own names. Ha! ha! I wasn't good enough for the Herncastles, when *I* married. And, now it comes to the pinch, my son isn't good enough for *you*. I suspected it all along. You have got the Herncastle blood in you, my young lady! I suspected it all along."

"A very unworthy suspicion," remarked Mr. Bruff. "I am astonished that you have the courage to acknowledge it."

Before Mr. Ablewhite could find words to answer, Rachel spoke in the tone of the most exasperating contempt.

"Surely," she said to the lawyer, "this is beneath notice. If he can think in *that* way, let us leave him to think as he pleases."

From scarlet Mr. Ablewhite was now becoming purple. He gasped for breath; he looked backward and forward from Rachel to Mr. Bruff in such a frenzy of rage with both of them that he didn't know which to attack first. His wife, who had sat impenetrably fanning herself up to this time, began to be alarmed, and attempted, quite uselessly, to quiet him. I had, throughout this distressing interview, felt more than one inward call to interfere with a few earnest words, and had controlled myself under a dread of the possible results, very unworthy of a Christian Englishwoman who looks, not to what is meanly prudent, but to what is morally right. At the point at which matters had now arrived I rose superior to all considerations of mere expediency. If I had contemplated interposing any remonstrance of my own humble devising, I might possibly still have hesitated. But the distressing domestic emergency which now confronted me was most marvelously and beautifully provided for in the Correspondence of Miss Jane Ann Stamper—Letter one thousand and one, on "Peace in Families." I rose in my modest corner, and I opened my precious book.

"Dear Mr. Ablewhite," I said, "one word!"

When I first attracted the attention of the company by rising, I could see that he was on the point of saying something rude to me. My sisterly form of address checked him. He stared in heathen astonishment.

"As an affectionate well-wisher and friend," I proceeded, "and as one long accustomed to arouse, convince, prepare, enlighten, and fortify others, permit me to take the most pardonable of all liberties—the liberty of composing your mind."

He began to recover himself; he was on the point of breaking out—he *would* have broken out, with any body else. But my voice (habitually gentle) possesses a high note or so, in emergencies. In this emergency I felt imperatively called upon to have the highest voice of the two.

I held up my precious book before him; I rapped the open page impressively with my forefinger. "Not my words!" I exclaimed, in a burst of fervent interruption. "Oh, don't suppose that I claim attention for My humble words! Manna in the wilderness, Mr. Ablewhite! Dew on the parched earth! Words of comfort, words of wisdom, words of love—the blessed, blessed, blessed words of Miss Jane Ann Stamper!"

I was stopped there by a momentary impediment of the breath. Before I could recover myself, this monster in human form shouted out furiously:

"Miss Jane Ann Stamper be ——!"

It is impossible for me to write the awful word which is here represented by a blank. I shrieked as it passed his lips; I flew to my little bag on the side-table; I shook out all my tracts; I seized the one particular tract on profane swearing, entitled, "Hush for Heaven's Sake!" I handed it to him with an expression of agonized entreaty. He tore it in two, and threw it back at me across the table. The rest of them rose in alarm, not knowing what might happen next. I instantly sat down again in my corner. There had once been an occasion, under somewhat similar circumstances, when Miss Jane Ann Stamper had been taken by the two shoulders and turned out of a room. I waited, inspired by *her* spirit, for a repetition of *her* martyrdom.

But no—it was not to be. His wife was the next person whom he addressed. "Who—who—who," he said, stammering with rage, "asked this impudent fanatic into the house? Did you?"

Before Aunt Ablewhite could say a word, Rachel answered for her:

"Miss Clack is here," she said, "as my guest."

Those words had a singular effect on Mr. Ablewhite. They suddenly changed him from a man in a state of red-hot anger to a man in a state of icy-cold contempt. It was plain to every body that Rachel had said something—short and plain as her answer had been—which gave him the upper hand of her at last.

"Oh!" he said. "Miss Clack is here as *your* guest—in *my* house?"

It was Rachel's turn to lose her temper at that. Her color rose, and her eyes brightened fiercely. She turned to the lawyer, and, pointing at Mr. Ablewhite, asked, haughtily, "What does he mean?"

Mr. Bruff interfered for the third time.

"You appear to forget," he said, addressing Mr. Ablewhite, "that you took this house as Miss Verinder's guardian, for Miss Verinder's use."

"Not quite so fast," interposed Mr. Ablewhite. "I have a last word to say, which I should have said some time since, if this—" He looked my way, pondering what abominable name he should call me—"if this Rampant Spinster had not interrupted us. I beg to inform you, Sir, that, if my son is not good enough to be Miss Verinder's husband, I can not presume to consider his father good enough to be Miss Verinder's guardian. Understand, if you please, that I refuse to accept the position which is offered to me by Lady Verinder's will. In your legal phrase, I decline to act. This house has necessarily been hired in my name. I take the entire responsibility of it on my shoulders. It is my house. I can keep it, or let it, just as I please. I have no wish to hurry Miss Verinder. On the contrary, I beg her to remove her guest and her luggage, at her own entire convenience." He made a low bow, and walked out of the room.

That was Mr. Ablewhite's revenge on Rachel for refusing to marry his son!

The instant the door closed Aunt Ablewhite exhibited a phenomenon which silenced us all. She became endowed with energy enough to cross the room!

"My dear," she said, taking Rachel by the hand, "I should be ashamed of my husband, if I didn't know that it is his temper which has spoken to you, and not himself. You," continued Aunt Ablewhite, turning on me in my corner with another endowment of energy, in her looks this time instead of her limbs—"you are the mischievous person who irritated him. I hope I shall never see you or your tracts again." She went back to Rachel, and kissed her. "I beg your pardon, my dear," she said, "in my husband's name. What can I do for you?"

Consistently perverse in every thing—capricious and unreasonable in all the actions of her life—Rachel melted into tears at those commonplace words, and returned her aunt's kiss in silence.

"If I may be permitted to answer for Miss Verinder," said Mr. Bruff, "might I ask you, Mrs. Ablewhite, to send Penelope down with her mistress's bonnet and shawl. Leave us ten minutes together," he added, in a lower tone, "and you may rely on my setting matters right, to your satisfaction as well as to Rachel's."

The trust of the family in this man was something wonderful to see. Without a word more, on her side, Aunt Ablewhite left the room.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bruff, looking after her. "The Herncastle blood has its drawbacks, I admit. But there *is* something in good-breeding, after all!"

Having made that purely worldly remark, he looked hard at my corner, as if he expected me to go. My interest in Rachel—an infinitely higher interest than his—riveted me to my chair.

Mr. Bruff gave it up, exactly as he had given it up at Aunt Verinder's, in Montagu Square. He led Rachel to a chair by the window, and spoke to her there.

"My dear young lady," he said, "Mr. Ablewhite's conduct has naturally shocked you, and taken you by surprise. If it was worth while to contest the question with such a man, we might soon show him that he is not to have things all his own way. But it isn't worth while. You were quite right in what you said just now; he is beneath our notice."

He stopped, and looked round at my corner. I sat there quite immovable, with my tracts at my elbow, and with Miss Jane Ann Stamper on my lap.

"You know," he resumed, turning back again to Rachel, "that it was part of your poor mother's fine nature always to see the best of the people about her, and never the worst. She named her brother-in-law your guardian because she believed in him, and because she thought it would please her sister. I had never liked Mr. Ablewhite myself, and I induced your mother to let me insert a clause in the will, empowering her executors, in certain events, to consult with me about the appointment of a new guardian. One of those events has happened to-day; and I find myself in a position to end all these dry business details, I hope agreeably, with a message from my wife. Will you honor Mrs. Bruff by becoming her guest? And will you remain under my roof, and be one of my family, until we wise people have laid our heads together, and have settled what is to be done next?"

At those words I rose to interfere. Mr. Bruff had done exactly what I had dreaded he would do, when he asked Mrs. Ablewhite for Rachel's bonnet and shawl.

Before I could interpose a word Rachel had accepted his invitation in the warmest terms. If I suffered the arrangement thus made between them to be carried out—if she once passed the threshold of Mr. Bruff's door—farewell to the fondest hope of my life, the hope of bringing my lost sheep back to the fold! The bare idea of such a calamity as this quite overwhelmed me. I cast the miserable trammels of worldly discretion to the winds, and spoke with the fervor that filled me, in the words that came first.

"Stop!" I said—"stop! I must be heard. Mr. Bruff! you are not related to her, and I am. *I* invite her—I summon the executors to appoint *me* guardian. Rachel, dearest Rachel, I offer you my modest home; come to London by the next train, love, and share it with me!"

Mr. Bruff said nothing. Rachel looked at me with a cruel astonishment which she made no effort to conceal.

"You are very kind, Drusilla," she said. "I shall hope to visit you whenever I happen to be in London. But I have accepted Mr. Bruff's invitation, and I think it will be best, for the present, if I remain under Mr. Bruff's care."

"Oh, don't say so!" I pleaded. "I can't part with you, Rachel—I can't part with you!"

I tried to fold her in my arms. But she drew back. My fervor did not communicate itself; it only alarmed her.

"Surely," she said, "this is a very unnecessary display of agitation? I don't understand it."

"No more do I," said Mr. Bruff.

Their hardness—their hideous, worldly hardness—revolted me.

"Oh, Rachel! Rachel!" I burst out. "Haven't you seen *yet*, that my heart yearns to make a Christian of you? Has no inner voice told you that I am trying to do for *you*, what I was trying to do for your dear mother when death snatched her out of my hands?"

Rachel advanced a step nearer, and looked at me very strangely.

"I don't understand your reference to my mother," she said. "Miss Clack, will you have the goodness to explain yourself?"

Before I could answer Mr. Bruff came forward, and, offering his arm to Rachel, tried to lead her out of the room.

"You had better not pursue the subject, my dear," he said. "And Miss Clack had better not explain herself."

If I had been a stock or a stone, such an interference as this must have roused me into testifying to the truth. I put Mr. Bruff aside indignantly with my own hand, and, in solemn and suitable language, I stated the view with which sound doctrine does not scruple to regard the awful calamity of dying unprepared.

Rachel started back from me—I blush to write it—with a scream of horror.

"Come away!" she said to Mr. Bruff. "Come away, for God's sake, before that woman can say any more! Oh, think of my poor mother's harmless, useful, beautiful life! You were at the funeral, Mr. Bruff; you saw how every body loved her; you saw the poor helpless people crying at her grave over the loss of their best friend. And that wretch stands there and tries to make me doubt that my mother, who was an angel on earth, is an angel in heaven now! Don't stop to talk about it! Come away! It stifles me to breathe the same air with her! It frightens me to feel that we are in the same room together!"

Deaf to all remonstrance, she ran to the door.

At the same moment her maid entered with her bonnet and shawl. She huddled them on any how. "Pack my things," she said, "and bring them to Mr. Bruff's." I attempted to approach her—I was shocked and grieved, but, it is needless to say, not offended. I only wished to say to her, "May your hard heart be softened! I freely forgive you!" She pulled down her veil, and tore her shawl away from my hand, and, hurrying out, shut the door in my face. I bore the insult with my customary fortitude. I remember it now with my customary superiority to all feeling of offense.

Mr. Bruff had his parting word of mockery for me, before he too hurried out, in his turn.

"You had better not have explained yourself, Miss Clack," he said, and bowed, and left the room.

The person with the cap-ribbons followed.

"It's easy to see who has set them all by the ears together," she said. "I'm only a poor servant—but I declare I'm ashamed of you!" She too went out, and banged the door after her.

I was left alone in the room. Reviled by them all, deserted by them all, I was left alone in the room.

Is there more to be added to this plain statement of facts—to this touching picture of a Christian persecuted by the world? No! my diary reminds me that one more of the many checkered chapters in my life ends here. From that day forth I never saw Rachel Verinder again. She had my forgiveness at the time when she insulted me. She has had my prayerful good wishes ever since. And when I die—to complete the return on my part of good for evil—she will have the Life, Letters, and Labor of Miss Jane Ann Stamper left her as a legacy by my will.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

AN HUNGARIAN POPULAR TALE.

IN those dreadful days when devils had full power to assume various mortal forms, and in pursuit of their avocation to wander over the wide earth, a very old malignant devil left his subterranean abode. Having heard of the wonderful bliss which was enjoyed by human beings in their marriage life, he determined himself to make an attempt to enter into that happy state.

But he was so old and so ugly that by no device and no disguise could he conceal the deformity of his person, and every approach he made toward a pretty maiden was repelled with contumely and scorn. This grieved and exasperated him beyond all bounds, and he sunk into the depths of despair, having exhausted every art of fascination and eloquence. In this miserable state of things he determined to address himself to a hideous ancient hag who had already sent six husbands to their graves; but finding nothing preferable to her, he offered her his hand, swearing fidelity for life and death.

We will not describe the bride, with all her charms, except to say that the venerable chronicler, who has recorded the story for our delight and instruction, declares that, wicked as was the devil, the devil's wife was tenfold worse; and he adds that the outward deformity of the witch was charming when contrasted with the vileness of her inner nature.

On the wedding-day, immediately after the ceremony, she began to torment her husband, scolding and quarreling without rhyme or reason, which he could not stop for even a minute. This was the devil's introduction to domestic felicity; and he soon found that his late infernal residence itself was paradise when compared with earth, and such a witch of a woman for a wedded wife.

He could not bear it long. Full of shame and sorrow, he cursed the whole race of womankind, and his own choice above every other. He wandered away into the deepest woods and the wildest wildernesses, blessing the fortune that had given sufficient strength to his weary legs to carry him so far off from his beautiful bride.

And so he strayed in melancholy mood into a thicket, where he saw a little meagre man busied in digging up and gathering together various roots and herbs. The man looked upon him with a friendly but gloomy and embarrassed countenance, and the devil soon discovered that he had no picture of human happiness before him; but he tenderly inquired into the man's history and employment. The poor botanist answered with sighs that he was indeed an unfortunate creature whom a bad wife had brought to misery, having squandered his belongings, and so plagued his existence that he felt it a relief to occupy himself by collecting simples in the desert in order to escape from that female house-devil.

The story produced on the devil's mind a fellow-feeling of sympathy, and he narrated to the little man the experience of his own mortal felicity. They were soon bound together in the strongest bonds of friendship; they discussed their mutual grievances, and determined to work together for their common relief, and to help one another in partnership. The little man collected a great supply of roots and herbs, and the devil, whose hatred against the whole race of mortal man had been greatly sharpened by his more intimate acquaintance with the better half, used every art of witchery and deceit to induce people to trade with his associate. He possessed first one and then another, and did not come out of them until the little man had come to cure them with his mysterious medicines; and such was the success of these devices that they collected heaps of money, and so long had their traffic been carried on that the woods and wastes failed to present them with a sufficient supply of simples for the demand. Meanwhile with the accumulation of wealth the passion of avarice entered into the soul of the meagre little man, and he determined for the future to disregard the agreement he had made with the devil. He deceived his comrade as often as he could, and, instead of giving half their earnings, he often handed to him less than a third. The devil's sharp-sightedness soon discovered the roguery, and he only waited a favorable opportunity for taking becoming revenge.

He entered into a peasant girl, and maddened her with such a fearful frenzy that half the affrighted villagers fled. The meagre man came with his healing herbs; but though the girl was exorcised by every charm and by every influence that had hitherto in every case succeeded, the devil that possessed her declared that he would never quit her, hurled scorn and defiance at the

exorciser, and loudly shouted out that he despised his power. This sudden and unexpected obstinacy of the devil placed the little man in the greatest perplexity; but in his wild despair he dreamed of a plan by which he could not only drive the devil out of the maiden, but out of the universal world.

The people had abandoned all hope of the recovery of the maiden, when the little man came forward and said to the devil, "Thou couldst not cure the girl; I will call thy wife to help thee!"

Hardly were the words uttered when the devil began to tremble, and his agitation made all the bones of the maiden crack. She fell in convulsions to the ground, but her misery soon came to an end. The devil thought it better to hurry back to his own proper regions than to wait the coming of his wife. He disappeared in smoke, but left a disagreeable smell behind him.

FORK-TONGUED.

"HARRY!" she gasped, in a strange, harsh, cracked voice; and, as I started and looked up from my work, there was my wife coming toward me, with her arms stretched out, her eyes fixed, and a horrible, ghastly look upon her white face, that made me drop my spade and run to meet her. I caught her just as she was falling, when her eyes closed, and she gave a shiver that seemed to shake her whole body.

This was soon after we had settled out in the up country, and there was only another hut here and there in those days; but, after years of knocking about at home, trying hard to get an honest living and never succeeding, we had made up our minds to try Australia; and here we were, living in the log-hut I had knocked up for myself, shepherding, and doing what little I could in the shape of gardening; for, that being my right trade, with all the beautiful rich soil lying fallow, it did seem a sin to me not to have a turn at it; so, getting what seeds I could from Sydney, and adding to the few I had brought in my chest, I managed to make quite a little Eden of the bit of land I broke up round our hut. We were not saving money, not to any extent, but there was a roof over our heads, and no rent to pay, plenty of vegetables of my own growing, and them costing nothing, plenty of work to do, and, one sort or another, always plenty to eat; so that, after what we had gone through in England, you may be sure we were willing enough to try and put up with such inconveniences as fell to our share, and, as a matter of course, there were things to encounter out there in what some people would call the wilderness, though it was a wilderness that blossomed like the rose. There were times, for instance, when we were in dread of the blacks, who had done some very queer things here and there about; then the place was terribly lonely, and out of the way if you wanted a doctor; and Mary used to joke me because I could never get half a pint of beer, but I found I could get on just as well without it, and, my word, what a capital cup of tea we always did have out there.

Well, Mary came out to me that day looking that horribly ghastly that, being naturally rather too fast at fancying troubles in advance, I saw directly half a score of blacks coming to spear us, and some of them knocking out the children's brains with their clubs—and not the first time neither; but in a few moments the poor girl opened her eyes, and began to stare about her. There were no blacks to be seen. Little Joe was sitting in the path playing, and though I looked along the edge of the wood behind the house I could see no signs of danger; so I began to think she must have been taken ill, and turned over in my own mind how I could get any help for her.

Just then her face grew contracted again as her thoughts seemed to come back, and gasping out once more, "Harry, Harry," she gave a shudder and said, "The baby—a snake!"

I couldn't see myself, but I know I turned white, all the blood seeming to rush to my heart, for if there is any thing of which I am afraid it is a snake, even going so far as to dislike eels, of which there was abundance in the river close at hand.

I don't know how we got there, but the next thing I remember is standing at the hut window with Mary holding little Joe tight in her arms, and me looking through at the cradle, where our little thing of nine months old was lying; and my heart seemed to be turning to ice as I saw nestled in the foot of the cradle, partly hidden in the blanket, but with some of its horrible coils full in sight, and its head resting upon them, the largest snake I had seen since I had been in the country. The feeling was something awful, and I stood there for a few moments leaning upon the rough handle of the hoe I had caught up, not able to move, for my eyes were fixed upon the head of that hideous beast, and I expected every moment that the baby would wake and make some movement sufficient to irritate the snake, and then, whether poisonous or not, I felt that the little thing must die.

What should I do? I asked myself, as the horrible feeling of helplessness wore off. If I crept in and reached the cradle-side unheard, I dared not chop at the beast for fear of injuring the child, for I could see that some of the folds lay right across it. I dared not make a noise, lest the next moment the child should awake as well as the reptile, for I knew the rapidity with which the horrible creatures could wreathe fold after fold round the object they attacked; while, if of a poisonous nature, they struck in an instant. Thoughts came swiftly enough, but they were unavailing, for to wait till the baby woke, or to go in and attack the snake, seemed equally dangerous. Even if I made a slight noise the danger seemed as great, since, though the snake might wake first and glide off, the probabilities were just as great that the child might wake at the same time.

And so I turned over the chances again and again, my eyes all the while fixed upon the two sleeping occupants of the cradle, whose pleasant warmth had evidently attracted the reptile.

"I went in and saw it there," whispered my wife, and then, without taking my eyes for an instant from the snake, I whispered the one word "Gun," and she glided from my side.

I did not know then, but she told me afterward, how she had carried the little boy to a distance and given him some flowers to play with, while she crept back to the hut, and, reaching in at the kitchen window, brought me my gun, for I had not stirred. And now, as I grasped the piece in my hand, knowing though I did that it was loaded, it seemed of no use, for I dared not fire; but, with trembling hands, I felt in my pockets to see if there was a bullet in them, and then softly pulling out the ramrod I unscrewed the cover of the worm and drew the wadding, reversed the piece, and let the shot fall pattering out, when I softly forced down the bullet upon the powder, examined the cap, and stood ready waiting for a chance; for I thought that the shot might have scattered, and, if ever so little, I might have injured the child in place of its enemy.

And there we stood for quite half an hour, watching intently that horrible beast comfortably nestled in the blanket, expecting momentarily that the baby would wake, while my hand trembled so that I could not hold the gun steady. One minute I was thinking that I had done wrong in changing the charge, the next minute that I was right; then I fancied that the gun might miss fire, or that I might slay my own child. A hundred horrible thoughts entered my mind before little Joe began to cry out to his mother, and she glided away while I muttered to myself "Thank Heaven!" for she was spared from seeing what followed.

As if at one and the same moment the child and the snake woke up. I saw the baby's hand move, and its little arms thrown out, while from the motion beneath the blanket I knew that it must have kicked a little. Then there was a rapid movement in the cradle, and as I glanced along the gun-barrel taking aim there was the whole of the horrible reptile exposed to view, coil gliding over coil as it seemed to fill the foot of the cradle; and now had my gun been charged with shot I should have fired, so as to have disabled some part of its body; but with only a single bullet I felt that the head must be the part attacked when opportunity served.

Glide, glide, glide, one coil over the other quickly and easily, as if it were untying its knotted body, while now the head slowly rose from where it had lain, and crept nearer and nearer to the child's face, the forked-tongue darting in and out, and playing rapidly on either side of the hideous mouth. I could see the glance of the snake's eyes, and expected every moment to hear the child shriek out with terror, as the lowered head now rested over its breast. But no, the child lay perfectly still for a few moments, and then I stood trembling in every limb as I saw the snake's head drawn back, and then begin to sway to and fro, and from side to side, the glistening neck of the beast gently undulating, while the tongue still darted in and out of the tight, dreadful-looking mouth.

Now was the time when I should have fired, but I was too unnerved; and laying down my gun I seized the hoe, meaning to attack the beast with the stout handle; but my hand fell paralyzed to my side as I saw the little innocent in the cradle smile and then laugh at the gently undulating head of the snake; while, as the agony grew to be greater than I could bear, in seeing the little white hands try to catch at it as it swayed to and fro, my power seemed to come back. I snatched up the gun, and as the snake's head was driven back preparatory to striking, I pulled the trigger, when the sharp crack of the percussion cap alone followed—perhaps providentially, for in my trembling state I might have injured the child. Then I saw a rapid writhing of the coils in the cradle, and as the tail of the snake glided over the side, every thing around me seemed to swim, and I tried to catch at the wall of the hut to save myself from falling.

But that soon went off; and then, gazing in at the window, I tried to make out the whereabouts of my enemy, as I recapped and tapped the gun, so that the powder might run up the nipple. The snake was nowhere to be seen, and darting in I seized the child, and carried it out to its mother, when, now feeling relieved of one horrible anxiety, I obtained my shot-pouch from the kitchen, rammed down a charge upon the bullet, and cautiously went in search of the reptile.

I knew that he must still be in the part of the hut we used for a sleeping-place, and, after cautiously peering about, I came upon the hole where it had taken refuge—an opening between the roughly-sawn planks laid loosely down to form a floor; while, unless there was an outlet beneath the wood-work, I felt that the beast must be there; and to make it more probable, there was our cat, that we had bought a kitten in Sydney, gazing with staring eyes down at the hole.

Just then I heard a soft rustling beneath my feet, and as I looked down, I could see between two boards the scaly body gliding along. The next moment there came the loud report of the gun, the place was full of smoke, there was a tremendous scuffling noise, and as I looked down between the boards where the charge had forced a passage through, there was no sign of the snake.

"Harry, Harry!" shrieked my wife just then; and on rushing out, there was the beast writhing about in the path, evidently badly wounded, while some crushed-down flowers by the hut wall showed plainly the hole of communication. I never saw snake writhe and twist as that creature did, but I was too excited then to feel afraid, and a few blows from the but-end of the gun laid it so that there was only a little movement left in its body, which did not stop for an hour or two after I had cut off his head with the axe.

I should have liked to skin the beast, but I could not master my horror. I measured it though: fourteen feet three inches long it was, and as thick as my arm; while, as to its weight, I saw the cradle rock to and fro heavily as it glided over the side.

Snakes are scarce now in this part; for there isn't a man in Queensland that does not wage war against them, and where there was one settler then there are scores now.

VIOLETS AT HOME.

O HAPPY buds of violet!
I give them to my sweet, and she
Puts them where something sweeter yet
Must always be.

White violets find whiter rest;
For fairest flower how fair a fate:
For me remain, O fragrant breast!
Inviolate.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE medals and diplomas awarded to American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition are now on exhibition at the Capitol in Washington. They are arranged in the Hall formerly occupied by the House of Representatives, and make quite an imposing display. The cases containing the medals are beautiful specimens of workmanship, being made of French glass, surmounted by a frame-work of burnished steel. These cases contain four crosses of the Legion of Honor, three grand prizes, fifteen gold medals, one artist's medal, seventy-four silver and ninety-five bronze medals. The number of diplomas greatly exceeds the number of medals—a result of the rule of awards adopted by the Imperial Commission, that when two or more awards of the same denomination are made to one exhibitor for different products, the number of diplomas issued will correspond with the number of awards; but only one medal will be issued, which covers all. Also under similar circumstances a superior medal covers those of less value. It is stated that the per centage of awards to exhibitors from four countries is as follows: France, 55.57; United States, 52.79; Germany, 47.50; Great Britain, 26.10. A gold medal was decreed to the "Industrie Armoiriere des Etats Unis d'Amérique," which, consequently, does not belong to any individual. A silver medal was decreed to the United States Government for specimens of sutlers' houses. This award was the spontaneous act of the Imperial Commission. A bronze medal was also struck for the Agricultural Bureau. These also will probably be placed in the Patent Office, and will then present a specimen of each kind of medals awarded.

It is now confidently stated that Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveler, is not only alive, but that his journey of exploration has been eminently successful, and his appearance in England may soon be expected. It will be to him a strange coming-home. His obituaries have been written, his character and worth lovingly commented upon; and he will be welcomed like one risen from the dead.

Since the opening of the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, in 1825, more than twelve thousand children, boys and girls, have been taken in the commission of crime, sent to this place, cared for kindly, trained into habits of industry, taught useful trades, and sent out into the world again; a majority of whom have become worthy members of society. During the past year alone nearly eighteen hundred have been inmates of the institution; and of these, seven hundred and seventy-nine have been indentured to reliable tradesmen and honorably discharged. In this institution the steady performance of the routine of daily duties is in itself a corrective of vicious tendencies, and the discipline is an excellent training for a useful life.

A curious discovery has been made near Knoxville, Tennessee, which antiquarians are requested to explain. For many years past a gentleman owning a valuable farm, has been interested in the fact that his cattle seem to be attracted to a particular locality on the farm, and were in the habit of constantly resorting to the place. He determined to investigate the matter, and accordingly commenced to excavate upon the premises. After digging down about seven feet he struck a solid limestone rock. He found a well about eight inches in diameter; from this well he procured salt-water of a quantity sufficient to enable him to obtain salt by the boiling of a few gallons. The gentleman prosecuted his investigations, and found a quantity of stone kettles made of material similar to that used by the Indians for their home ware. The kettles were broken, but the curvature indicated that they were about three feet in diameter, and were about forty in number. A most striking fact connected with this discovery is, that these kettles were found at a depth of 70 feet below the surface of the ground. Growing above them were trees—poplar and oak—which were evidently two centuries old. The question is, how did the kettles come there?

An exchange comments upon those people who complain that ministers cost a great deal, by citing a few facts: namely, that it costs $35,000,000 to pay the fees of American lawyers; that $12,000,000 are paid annually to keep our criminals, and $10,000,000 to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only $6,000,000 are spent annually to keep 6000 preachers in the United States.

It is said that, by adapting somebody's "system of electricity" to organs, a performer in England can play on an instrument in America, and *vice versa*. It is furthermore suggested that wires be laid down from various churches to the residences of organists, so that they may perform at home. One organist might serve for several churches, by judicious management.

A new edition of the Scriptures—the "Chicago Bible"—is announced as forthcoming. The advertisement says that a new feature of the edition will be a family record suited to the wants of the day. In addition to the pages ordinarily devoted to births, marriages, and deaths, several leaves will be added for divorces.

A Michigan paper states that a few weeks ago at a meeting of the citizens of Sturgis, in that State, an appeal was made to the ladies to aid the cause of prohibition by their influence in the coming election. They replied that they would if they were allowed to vote. So the gentlemen could do no less than to invite them to come out on election-day and make a demonstration in favor of prohibition. A Committee of twelve was appointed to carry out this object. They canvassed the village, and invited all the ladies to come out on that day and join in the demonstration. At two o'clock, on election-day, they assembled at a large hall, and marched to the room where the election was held, and one hundred and fourteen deposited their votes in favor of prohibition and six against. While they were marching through the room where the election was held the utmost order prevailed, and, when they were retiring, three hearty cheers were given for the ladies of Sturgis.

Among the curiosities of the world may be mentioned a family living in Michigan, bearing the surname of Thurston. There are twelve children, who answer to the following euphonious names: The eldest is Ulysses Ithicus; the second, Leodis Iphigenia; the third, a girl, Chrystemas Andromeca; fourth, Epaminondas Epaphroditus; fifth, Achilles Lycurgus; sixth, Miltiades Aristiades; seventh, Cassius Brutus; eighth, Solon Kossuth; ninth, Agamemnon Hiland; tenth, a girl, Dulcena Dulcerado; eleventh, Patroclas Antilocus; and twelfth, Wendell Phillips.

A newspaper is reported to have appeared in Alaska. It is called the *Alaska Herald*, and is printed in Russian and English.

There is a plan of establishing an insect menagerie at a place called Montsouri, in France. The insects are to be put in cages and kept alive, just like other specimens of natural history. The gentleman who proposes this mentions twenty thousand members of the insect family who could be decently fed and submitted to the public gaze.

Ordinary lead shot are made by being dropped through perforated iron "cullenders" from the top of a lofty tower. The particles of semi-fluid lead assume in their descent a globular form, and by the time they reach the bottom they are in general sufficiently hardened to bear the shock of striking the surface of a vessel of water placed to receive them. Sometimes, however, the momentum is so great that many of the pellets flatten from the force with which they strike the receiver. This difficulty has been obviated. In the Lead Factory of Messrs. Le Roy & Co., of this city, situated on Water Street, the shot are dropped but a short distance, and are buoyed up in their descent by a current of cold air which retards their fall to an extent sufficient to prevent their flattening, and renders them almost perfectly spherical. Large-sized shot require, by the ordinary method of manufacturing them, a greater height than small-sized; while a hundred feet is sufficient for the latter, the former require perhaps a hundred and fifty feet. A Shot-tower of Messrs. Le Roy, near Fifty-fourth Street, on the East River, is a hundred and fifty feet high. The Philadelphia Shot-tower is a hundred and eighty feet high. But the highest erection of this kind is said to be at Villach in Carinthia, and is two hundred and forty-nine feet in height.

Some tired editor, having apparently fallen asleep immediately after reading Edgar Poe's "Raven," produces the following jumble:

"The other night, while we lay musing and our weary brain confusing over the topics of the day, suddenly we heard a rattling as of a serried host a battling, as they wrangled in their fury. What is that we cried upstarting, slap! we ran against the door. Oh, 'tis nothing. Muggins grumbled, as o'er a huge arm-chair we stumbled, 'tis a bug and nothing more. Then said we, our anger rising (for we thought it so surprising that a bug should so offend), do you think a small insect, Sir, thus the whole room would infect, Sir? No! 'tis not a bug, my friend. Now becoming surely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our hat, then into the darkness peering, we saw with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat!

"With astonishment and wonder we gazed upon the son of thunder as he sat upon the floor, when a resolution taking and a rapid movement making, lo! we opened wide the door! Now clear out, we hoarsely shouted, as o'er head our boot we flouted, take your presence from our floor. Then with air and mien majestic, this dear creature called domestic, made his exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice heard howling. Not a word he said. And with feelings much elated to escape a doom so fated, we went slowly back to bed."

A "Linen Wedding" was lately celebrated in Newburyport by a happy couple who have entered on their thirty-first year of wedlock. They were supplied with enough dry-goods—of *one* kind—to last a lifetime. Another pair enjoyed a "Variety Wedding," which is said to be the proper thing to celebrate forty-five years of wedded bliss. A dictionary of weddings would be a useful work at the present day.

A good story is told of a reverend gentleman to whom a farmer complained that ministers earned money much easier than he did. "Now," said the farmer, "when you are called upon to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the Doctor, "I would agree to give you half my next marriage-fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterward the clergyman was called on to splice a loving couple at D——, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars, and I suppose a figure two would do for the splice, eh?"

The Doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:

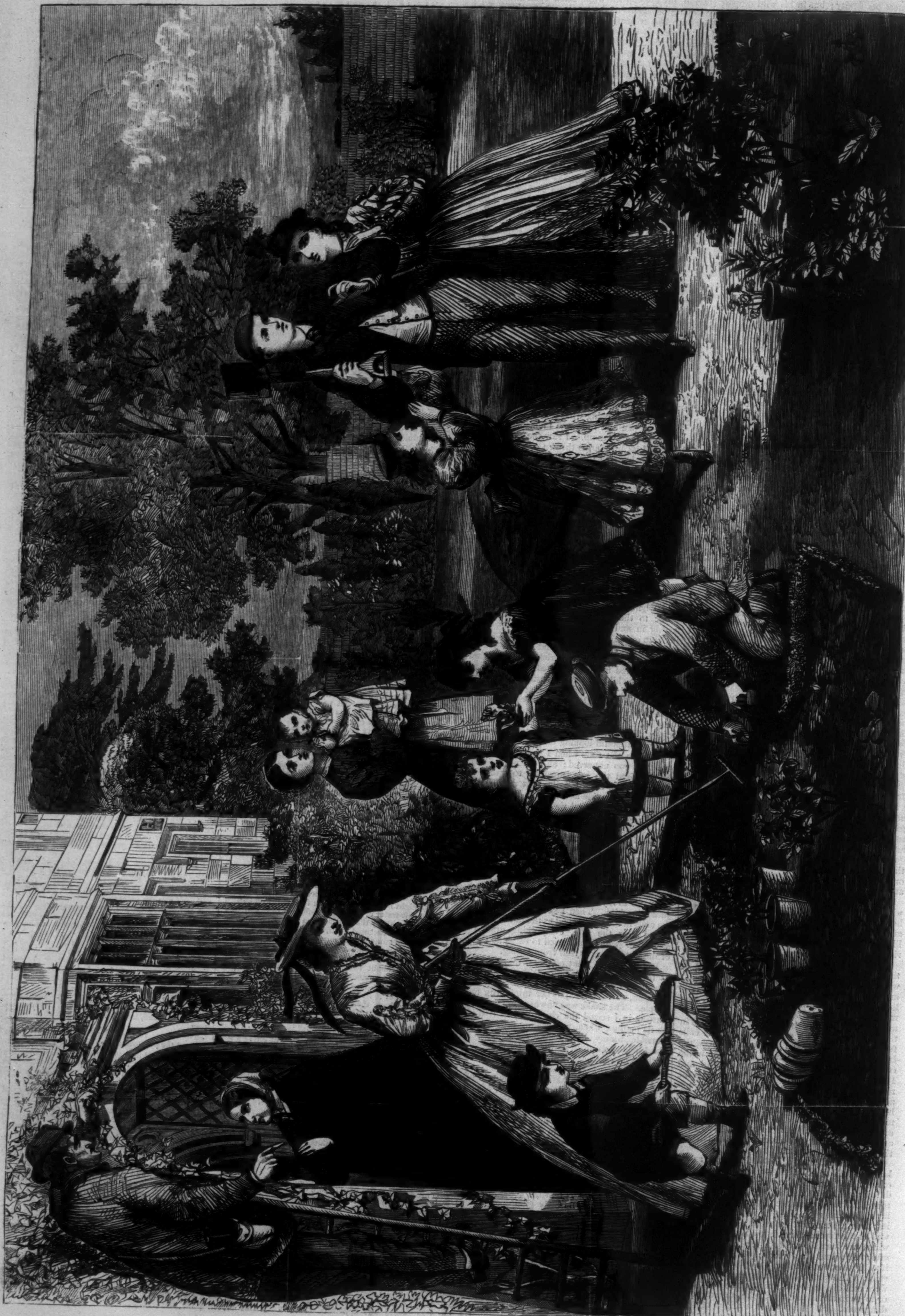
"Now, friend, here is my fee; how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

Leipsic is not only the greatest book market in Germany, but in the world. With about 90,000 inhabitants, it has more than 200 publishers and booksellers.

In the census of the Northwestern Provinces of India for 1865, the business of two hundred and twenty-six men is described as "flattering for gain." They are the descendants of a class who, in the times of the ancient Mogul court, preceded the dignitaries of the palace, or foreign princes visiting the country, and sang loud praise of their titles and warlike acts. There are also enumerated four charmers, eight hundred and fifty-one jesters, two hundred and fifty-nine mimics, one hundred and thirty-three hangmen, twenty-nine professed mourners, nearly four hundred and eighty thousand beggars, and thirty-five "sturdy beggars." Hindoo girls, according to matrimonial statistics, are married off at the age of ten, and often younger. The rule of age on the husband's side seems to be "that he shall exceed his wife's years by half as much, even twice as much, and be not *less than one-fourth* older than she is at the period of marriage."

An accommodating editor in Denver City, having received from a distressed lady a letter of inquiry on culinary matters, thus replies: "Mrs. ——, we have hunted the cyclopedias, and can find no better recipe for cooking cabbage than to put it into a pot over the fire, and let it boil."



SPRING-TIME IN THE COUNTRY—GARDENING.—[See Page 297.]

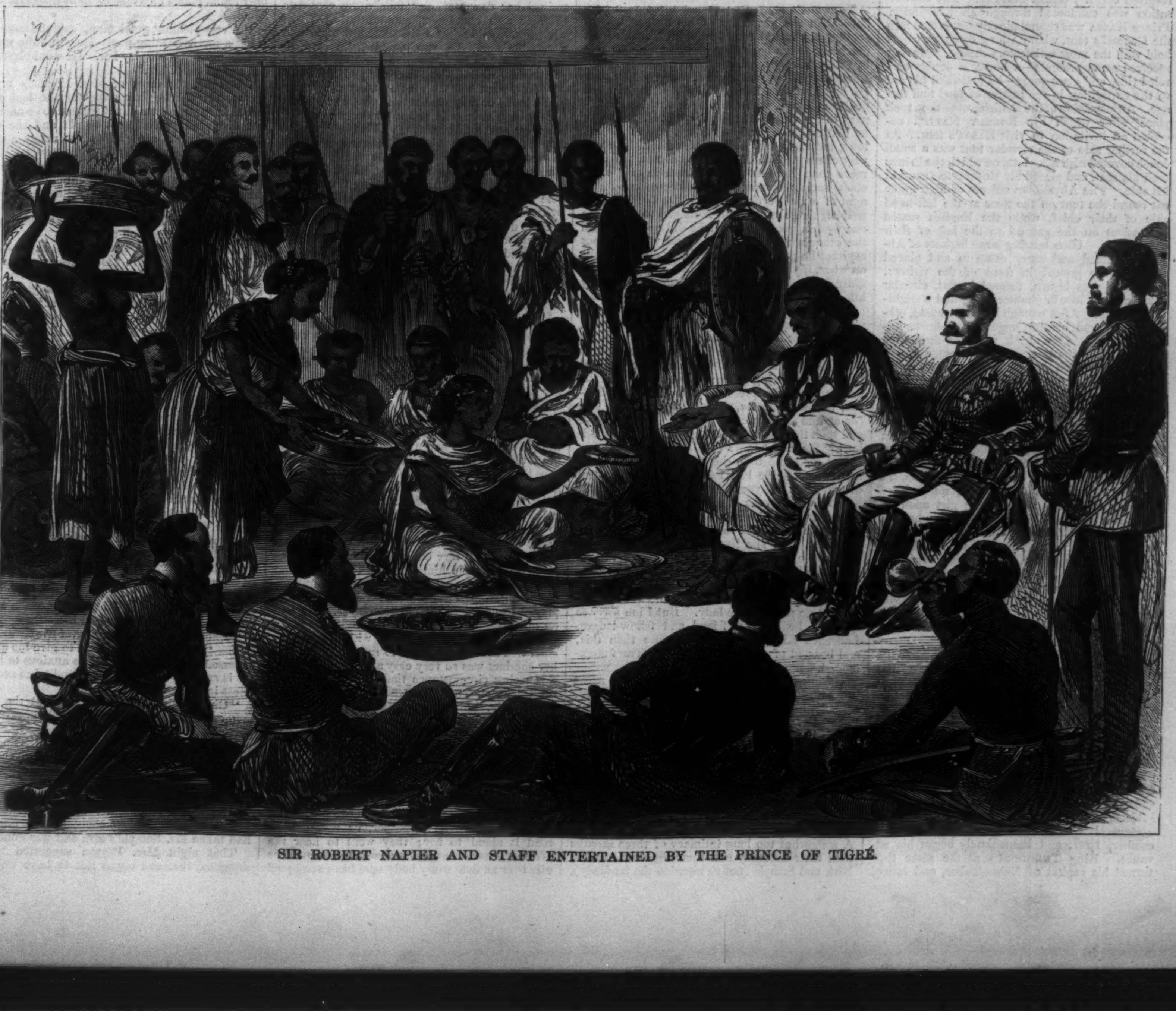
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT NAPIER AND STAFF.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FORWARDED BY THE "NEW YORK HERALD" CORRESPONDENT IN ABYSSINIA.]

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

WE had scarcely a touch of real spring weather during the first two months of that usually delightful season. We are in its last month now; the warmer May days are upon us, and the work of gardening has already fairly begun in the country. There is no more delightful labor of the farmer's life. The heavier crops are put in the ground in earlier and colder weather, and by rougher hands; the work of gardening belongs to milder days and gentler hands. The men may be employed to trail the vines upon high arbors beyond reach or turn the hard sod; but the garden belongs to the girls and boys and women, and it is they who most delight in its labors, and it is more especially for them that we give the engraving on the opposite page.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

THE special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, attached to the British Army expedition in Abyssinia—the same whose dispatches have been furnished to the British War Office and



SIR ROBERT NAPIER AND STAFF ENTERTAINED BY THE PRINCE OF TIGRÉ.

London papers in advance of their own official reports—has lately sent to that enterprising journal a series of photographs of Major-General Sir ROBERT NAPIER and the officers of his Staff. We are indebted to the editor of the *Herald* for affording us facilities for reproducing the likenesses of these distinguished officers in this issue of the *Weekly*.

GENERAL NAPIER.

Lieutenant-General Sir ROBERT NAPIER, Commander of the Anglo-Indian Army, was born in Ceylon about 1810. He entered the British Army in India in the year 1827. For the next succeeding eighteen years he was employed in the Public Work Department of the Army. As a captain he served with great gallantry and efficiency in the Sikh war of 1846, having obtained leave of absence from his civil duties the year previous. He had a horse killed under him in the battle of Moodkee, and another in the battle of Ferozeshah. At Sobraon he was attached to the Staff of the Commanding General, and was subsequently much noticed by Lord HARDINGE. He was Chief Engineer of the force operating against the insurgents in Mooltan in 1848, and afterward second in command. He was severely wounded at Lahore. On the annexation of the Punjab territory NAPIER was commissioned as Chief Civil Engineer of the new Province. In 1857 he served under General OUTRAM during the mutiny in the district, and was present with the First Division at the relief of Lucknow. He served afterward under Lord CLYDE, and in Central India under Sir HUGH ROSE, now Lord STRATHNAIRN, and in command of the forces in Ireland.

General NAPIER went to China under Sir HOPE GRANT, where he was present at the capture of the Takoo fort in 1860. Returning to India, he was appointed on the Council of the Governor-General. In 1865 he was commissioned Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and from Bombay he has been sent to Abyssinia.

GENERAL NAPIER AND THE PRINCE OF TIGRÉ.

Our second illustration, on page 297, is of an interview between General NAPIER and the Prince of Tigré, which took place near the camp of the former at Ad-Abaga. General NAPIER was the guest, Prince KASSA played the part of host; but preliminary to the interview there was enacted a scene well worth recording. The respective camps of the two commanders were on either side of the small river Diab. The British General, mounted on an elephant, and followed by his Staff, rode down to the banks of the river. His appearance on the elephant was to impress KASSA with the power and scientific skill of the white man; for the Abyssinians fear the elephant much, and have never ventured to tame him. At this time the Abyssinian line suddenly opened out in the centre, and KASSA, surrounded by his immediate counselors and guard, rode forward on a white mule with a crimson umbrella borne above his head, and was received by Sir ROBERT NAPIER. The conversation was conducted through an interpreter. Prince KASSA was ceremoniously conducted into the General's tent, where a long conference was held with the most satisfactory results. Having received some presents—a horse, a double-barreled rifle, and glass vases—he promised his aid to the expedition in the matter of food and forage. An inspection of the British troops then took place, after which Sir ROBERT NAPIER accepted an invitation to visit KASSA's tent. At the further side of the circular tent was a small couch covered with silk cloth, on which the Prince took his seat, and placed Sir ROBERT NAPIER at his side. The Abyssinian officers of high grade sat round the tent on the floor at the left-hand side of their chief, while the English seated themselves on the ground to the left of their commander. Girls bearing large baskets of Abyssinian bread and curry came in and placed them on the ground in front of the visitors. The bread was brown, formed in flat, circular cakes about a foot in diameter, and had a slightly sour taste. After enough had been eaten, other girls entered, bearing huge bullock-horns filled with "tedge," a drink made of fermented honey. This was poured into Florence flasks, and given to each guest. After a while, when many flasks had been emptied, musicians were introduced. The band consisted of six men who played on long pipes, which uttered wild but not unpleasant music. A war song was sung by a minstrel, and all the Abyssinians joined in chorus. After this the British commander was first invested with a silver-gilt armlet, the sign of a great warrior. Then a lion's skin and mane, the mark of a fierce fighter in battle, were placed upon his shoulders, a sword was girt upon his side, and a spear and shield for him were handed to one of his Staff, who acted on the occasion as his armor-bearer. The meeting then broke up. KASSA, after frequent hand-shaking, accompanied the General to the door of the tent, where a gray mule, caparisoned with Abyssinian saddlery and trappings, was waiting. On this Sir ROBERT NAPIER had to mount; and, again accompanied by the Abyssinian Army, rode down to the Diab, where the Abyssinians halted.

We are called upon this week to chronicle the end of this war, which has been very brief but very expensive. It was begun, as doubtless most of our readers know, for the release of a number of British and other foreign officers, merchants, and artisans forcibly detained by King THEODORUS, in order to secure the services of the latter, and for other State reasons. All peaceful demands having been refused the Derby administration of England ordered the Indian army, under the command of General NAPIER, to invade the domains of Abyssinia, and release the subjects of the Queen by force.

General NAPIER landed in Abyssinia in December, 1867, and immediately began his advance. King THEODORUS at the same time turned his capital of Debra-Tabor, and retired to the mountain fortress of Magdala. Here he was pursued by General NAPIER and his army of 10,000 men.

The march through the country is represented as having been very difficult. Elephants and camels had to be employed instead of horses and mules, and even these "ships of the desert" suffered greatly. The mountain passes were exceedingly difficult, and the ascents very high. Many of the animals employed were lost near Magdala, in crossing a ravine, which is described as being 8 miles wide, with a descent of 3500 feet, and an ascent of 4500 feet.

It was immediately after crossing this difficult ravine that the British army came within reach of King THEODORUS, and found him ready to obstruct its march. The fortress of Magdala was found to be a very formidable one, mounting 28 large guns, and garrisoned by about 15,000 troops. After reconnoitring it on April 7, General NAPIER pronounced it almost impregnable, but continued to advance until immediately in front of the position. On April 8 he forwarded a letter to King THEODORUS, demanding the release of the British captives. This he refused to do, and on April 10 General NAPIER invested the position. These movements brought on a fight, which resulted in driving King THEODORUS from his outer works into the citadel of the fortress, where he prepared to defend himself. During the next two days he released the English captives, but refused to surrender in person. This General NAPIER demanded, and on the expiration of a truce granted for that purpose he ordered an assault on the fortress. It was carried after a short but vigorous assault, in which the British loss was small. King THEODORUS was killed inside the citadel, defending it to the last. Two of his sons and fourteen thousand soldiers were taken prisoners. The fortress was given up to the troops, who plundered it. Among the "loot" were found four crowns of solid gold, thousands of silver plates, and large quantities of jewels.

On the second day after the battle General NAPIER began the return march to India, declaring that the purpose of the war had been accomplished.

SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

"NO MOVING IN MAY."

NARCISSUS SEMPLE was not more vain perhaps than the generality of his sex, which, to prevent any mistakes and misconceptions of his character at the beginning of this "moving tale by (East River) flood and (Long Island) field," I may as well say, was not that of the gentler sort. He had his faults, however, and modesty was not of them; but I, who am a little skeptical in regard to the virtues of man in general, still think he had no more vanity than the rest of his fellows, but knew less how to conceal it. He was very consequential of manner, but not, perhaps, more than his first-class position in (not first-class) society warranted. He knew the advantages of a well-turned figure, if not the joys of a well-regulated mind, and managed to array the one well in good clothes if he did not well store the other with great ideas. And yet I can not say that he presumed unjustifiably on his—well, on what, if you had ever seen him, you must candidly admit to be—his very dangerous, not to say killing, appearance.

If there was any virtue which could not be denied Mr. Semple, it was that of charitableness. He could not for the life of him resist a woman's appeal (or challenge) to a flirtation; therefore, is it to be wondered at that when, after several times encountering on the Fulton ferry-boats the fine person and expressive eye of Miss Lucy Peyton, to him *incognita*, she actually smiled to him (or at him), he succumbed to his better nature and took the first steps toward a flirtation by following the lady home?

But for some time this was all that he could accomplish. He had followed at a respectful distance, but the young lady was very timid, and had become nervous at seeing him following her; so she avoided him afterward, and he was for a long time compelled to be content with the information that she lived on the Heights, in a neat house, on the door of which was the name "Peyton." He passed by the house frequently on his way to his boarding-house in South Brooklyn, but he saw no sweet face at the window and learned no more of the lady. But I am sorry to say that he told his friend and fellow-lodger, Laurence Kirk, a great deal more than this, and boasted of smiles unsmiled and favors unextended.

During this winter, which Mr. Semple spent in an unsuccessful attempt to get up a flirtation, his boarding-house grew too familiar. Boarding-houses have a bad habit of doing this; they do not always improve on acquaintance. The nearer you approach your landlady the smaller she becomes; she grows less obliging, and takes a fancy to treating you like one of the family, and starving you on stale bread and tough meats. It must be patent to all my readers who have ever boarded long at one house that familiarity with boarding-houses, as with individuals, breeds disgust. A somewhat too long intimacy of three months with their landlady had thus disgusted Messrs. Kirk and Semple (not to mention the landlady), and they turned with desperation to the columns of the *Eagle*, to plunge among the delusive advertisements headed "Boarding," and after many searches they one day encountered this decidedly attractive document:

"BOARD.—A Lady living in her own house in Willow Street, on the Heights, will take two young men to board and lodge. No moving in May. Address Mrs. P., box 14, *Eagle* office."

"We will go there," said Kirk, decisively, as if all depended on his saying so.

"Just the place!" exclaimed Semple. "That's her neighborhood."

"Whose?"

"Hers—my charmer's."

"Which one?"

"Oh pshaw! you know who I mean. I never mention names."

"And all these conquests you have been telling me about refer to only one person."

"No, no, no. But attend to this now. Will you write or shall I? My note-paper is marked with my monogram. Perhaps I had better. It looks more *distingué* and responsible than plain note. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes, write by all means, and do it quickly. Let us get out of this place."

The note was written, sealed, sent, and answered. Moreover the answer was favorable, and an interview was desired. The number of the house was given and the name, Mrs. Peyton, No. —. The very identical house where his victim lived! But Narcissus never mentioned that fact to his room-mate.

The interview was had, the transfer was soon made, and the young gentlemen found themselves ensconced in a neat room in a pleasant house with the widow Peyton and her daughter, Lucy, the lady beforementioned by us, and admired by the susceptible Mr. Semple. If she remembered that gentleman at all Miss Lucy kept such knowledge to herself, and met the two gentlemen as if they were perfect strangers. Mr. Semple kept his knowledge of the lady to himself, and prepared himself to astonish Kirk by another conquest. Mr. Kirk made himself generally agreeable—at first paying his devoirs entirely to the old lady; while Semple absorbed the time, if not the attention, of Miss Lucy.

Why is it that young men of diametrically opposite characters are frequently found to be most intimate and constant friends? And why is it, too, that mothers, who have the training of daughters, bring them up to be so unlike themselves in every respect but features? Does friendship, like love, delight in opposites? Does maternal love, like the other species, delight in joining contrasts, or at least in producing them? No matter what the explanation may be, such is the case in many thousands of instances; and Laurence Kirk and Narcissus Semple, and Mrs. Peyton and her daughter Lucy, formed a couple of interesting illustrations of this curious fact and phase in human nature. I wonder if Kirk had not chosen his friend, and Mrs. Peyton had not trained her daughter, as "foils"—the contrasts to their own characters. Laurence Kirk was what Mr. Semple was not—a modest man, and a sensible one. He was, too, a little cynical, and disposed to be retiring rather than forward or sociable, while no one ever accused Mr. Semple of any such faults. He had no great opinion of his looks or attainments, and yet he was not a bad-looking man, and had a good command of language and a flow of ideas when he chose to express the one by the use of the other, which was not often, as he spent most of his time in reading. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that he did spend much time in reading that he was able to be interesting when he did talk—a fact, by-the-way, that many other persons than Mr. Semple do not seem to comprehend.

There was a similar contrast, so Mr. Kirk soon discovered, between Mrs. Peyton and her daughter. The old lady was what is vulgarly called a "high-flier," while her daughter was provokingly democratic. The elder was always on her dignity; the young lady was sociable to a degree that bordered on freedom—so Mr. Kirk was pained to conclude after he had been there a few days. But at the same time she was modest and not obtrusive, and decidedly cheerful and sensible. I do not mean that the old lady was not sensible and cheerful also; but she had a weakness about "her family name," and was a little too stiff in her manner. She differed from her daughter in that she seldom laughed heartily, though she always had a smile on her face; but most the contrast was observable in the difference between the manner of the two toward their guests or rather lodgers. While Kirk, with his quiet ways, absorbed the attention of the old lady, Mr. Semple made himself very attentive to Miss Lucy; and after they had been in the house a few weeks the result of this disposition began to affect every body with the possible exception of Semple himself. Kirk was disposed at first to admire, as much as he ever admired, the young woman whose cheerful disposition displayed itself under all circumstances. He had on one occasion come upon her suddenly while engaged in dusting the parlor with a handkerchief tied around her head to save her hair, and her conduct was so very easy and graceful under this trying circumstance that he began to look upon her as a sensible as well as sweet-tempered young lady. Miss Lucy was at first apparently quite as charmed by the grave face and manner and conversation of Mr. Kirk, and in her free and pleasant way she evinced much pleasure in his society. In a very few weeks the acquaintance between the two warmed into quite a friendship; they had long conversations—something as unusual for the sedate Kirk as it was common with the lively young lady; they even read Owen Meredith's "Lucile" together, or rather Kirk read it aloud to her; they went to hear the *Grande Duchesse*, and afterward hummed its airs over as does every body who has once heard that fascinating music—in short, Kirk came to be like one of the family. Semple meantime had not accomplished his proposed conquest, and shone to great disadvantage beside his friend.

But it is not necessary only that a young man shall be agreeable to the woman he admires to win her affection; it is just as absolutely necessary that he shall be agreeable to no other woman. Miss Lucy Peyton fully recognized the amiability and gallantry—the quiet, unoppressive gallantry of Mr. Kirk; but alas! for her comfort of mind, he was equally polite, and gallant, and amiable to other ladies—at least to one other lady. His conversations were pleasant—delightful, in fact; but they were addressed as much—indeed Miss Peyton thought a little *more*—to another lady than to herself; and as for those private, confidential confabs in remote corners of quiet rooms which ladies who love their prospective husbands most delight in, he never even sought them. In short, Miss Peyton felt and saw, and fretted to feel and see, that she had a rival.

Her mother!

Exactly so. Kirk was just as polite, just as gallant to the mother as to the daughter. He never began to read in the evenings until both had come in the parlor, and when he interrupted himself to comment on the more striking and beautiful passages of his author, his remarks and appeals for admiration were always addressed to the mother. The invitations to the Opera and theatre always included the mother; and what was worse, Kirk invariably escorted Mrs. Peyton, while Miss Lucy was carelessly turned over to the care of "that simpleton Semple."

Grave as is the offense of being too polite to other ladies than the one who loves you, it is as nothing in her estimation compared to the unpardonable crime of indifference. It is very dangerous for you to be gallant to another lady; but trebly so not to be jealous of the gallantry of other gentlemen to your sweet-heart.

Mrs. Peyton was particularly charmed with Mr. Kirk and with this arrangement. She had been afraid that her daughter might become interested in one of these young men "of whom and of whose family she knew nothing." The consideration of Mr. Kirk had much relieved her mind, and not that she loved the theatre or poetry more, but because she had high notions for her daughter, and wished her not to be left too much alone with the young men, did she accompany them to amusements and listen to Kirk's reading. She acknowledged no such admiration, however, to her daughter. Mr. Semple, they both agreed, was "of little consequence;" and there is no opinion which a woman can express of a young man so crushing as this. Women, more than men, despise negative characters, either of their own or the opposite sex; and to be set down by them as of little consequence is to be socially damned forever. But on the subject of Mr. Kirk they differed, though the opinion of the mother only found public expression. The daughter was silent.

"A very pleasant gentleman," said the mother; "but a mere warming-pan. He will do to nurse a wife, but not to display her. He would be fond but not proud of her."

Alas! for the force of Mrs. Peyton's arguments. In rearing her daughter she had produced her antitheton. Lucy wanted to be nursed, not displayed; petted, not fêted; and she had determined when she did wed to marry a man and not his family, as Mrs. Peyton proposed. The mother "had no particular objections to him. Oh no; he is undoubtedly a gentleman, and his recommendations are the highest; a good income too; but one does not want to marry a sedate old clerk who would be forever about the house, and, what is worse, keep you there."

"Me?" exclaimed Lucy, when her mother said this. "Me? He has no designs upon me, nor I on him. He is pleasant enough, but Mr. Semple strikes me as being the handsomest."

"But neither of them a catch," suggested the mother.

"Neither of them has thus far shown a desire to be caught by any body, or a design to entrap any body."

"That's because you, my darling, have wisely refrained from showing any partiality for either."

Alas! for the suggestion. The arguments of Mrs. Peyton were bad enough; her last remark proved a suggestion to the young lady which cost the mother much trouble, and produced these incidents which follow.

Was Mr. Kirk indifferent because he felt, as she did, that Semple was "of no consequence?" She would test that. From that day the demeanor of the young lady was changed, with a most surprising effect on the other *dramatis personæ* of this drama.

She began her operations at once. The same evening Mr. Kirk proposed reading "La Marquise," and had settled himself down in his easy-chair for the purpose of beginning, when Lucy, much to his surprise, excused herself.

"Excuse me this evening, Mr. Kirk," she said. "Mr. Semple promised to give me another lesson in chess, and I am so anxious to learn. He is such an agreeable tutor, and takes such interest in my progress."

"Oh, certainly," he said; and at the same moment Mr. Semple lisped his willingness to begin at once.

"Oh, you are so kind!" she said. "The board and men are in the library. We will go there so as not to disturb these old folks in their reading," with a peculiar emphasis on "old folks," and a little laugh.

And before the mother could prevent it, or Mr. Kirk could think to conceal his surprise, she had taken Mr. Semple's arm and was gone.

That night Mrs. Peyton suggested to her daughter that she ought not to have wounded

Mr. Kirk's feelings by declining to hear his readings.

"But I did not care to listen; chess, which I do understand a little, and Mr. Semple, who is very agreeable, are so much more interesting than verses I don't comprehend at all when read by men who are mere nothings, of no family, and who would keep one moping in the chimney corner forever. Better a gay simpleton like Semple, than a 'sedate old clerk like Kirk.'"

This was not exactly what the mother had meant when she had used the expression which her daughter had quoted; and the aptitude of her scholar caused her much vexation of spirit during the rest of the night. That same night Semple had confided to his room-mate his opinion that the campaign had now fairly opened, and he would soon see the conquest completed; whereupon Kirk had turned over with a "bah!" and slept, or pretended to.

A few nights after this was an Opera night at the Academy, and at breakfast that morning Kirk suggested that he would get places for the party; whereupon Miss Lucy looked indifferent and said nothing, which silence was contrary to her usual custom; while the mother, to whom the suggestion had been directed, answered that she believed they had no engagement for the evening. When the meal was over and the gentlemen had retired, Miss Lucy followed Mr. Semple to the door and asked him, loud enough for Mr. Kirk to hear, if he would not speak with her for a moment. He stopped and they conversed for a moment, but in such a low tone that Kirk could not hear. He did not know the result of that conversation until evening, when he suggested that it was time to go to the Opera.

"I am compelled to ask you to excuse me, Mr. Kirk," said Lucy.

"Excuse you, Lucy!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton.

"Yes. I have had an engagement for some time past to go to Wallack's with Mr. Semple, and we have decided to go to-night."

And go they did, while Mrs. Peyton and Kirk went to the Opera, and were both so restless that they did not enjoy it; and I doubt much if Lucy enjoyed her trip, unless the knowledge that her tactics, of which this trip was a part, was having their effect.

And these tactics she pursued for some time unrelentingly. The readings were broken up entirely. Kirk and Mrs. Peyton were left to entertain each other, while Lucy and Semple played chess or flirted in the library. They avoided going out for an evening amusement with the mother and Mr. Kirk; and, to judge from all appearances, the flirtation was a desperate one.

And the *effects* of these tactics soon became visible. Kirk became more sedate than usual, and grew gruff to his friend. He kept his room more, and plainly demonstrated that the mother without the daughter was no attraction whatever to him. Semple occasionally boasted of his conquest, and once was so bold as to say to Kirk that the young lady was evidently very fond of him, when, much to his surprise, Kirk very indignantly called him "a vain ass," and told him that the lady was merely trifling with him. This was the effect on Kirk: he gradually came to the cynical conclusion that the young women, whom he had admired for her good sense and easy manners, was as much of a heartless flirt as the rest of her sex. But, singularly enough, it neve occurred to him that she liked his friend.

But most this new and unexpected intimacy between her daughter and Mr. Semple alarmed Mrs. Peyton. She soon gave Lucy to understand that the quiet *tête-à-tête* confabs in remote and secluded corners of the room with Mr. Semple were not, to say the least, advisable. "Partic ılarly with a young man of no family position and wealth." Lucy had only smiled at this, and promised her mother she would be as complaisant with any Prince of any High Degree, D.D., A.S.S., or L.S.D., whom she would introduce, "and who," she added, "is as handsome as Mr. Semple." But the evenings out, and the quiet confabs, and the chess-playing, and the flirtation generally, went on until Mrs. Peyton began to think that there really was something in it after all, and worried herself nearly to death thinking how she should get rid of these young men whom she had taken into her house with the understanding that they were to remain if they were pleased, and that there was to be no "moving in May."

Hints were thrown away. Hints she gave of intentions to discontinue keeping lodgers; hints of a coming brother who objected to having strangers in the house; hints of removal. They were all lost on the young men, one of whom did not hear, and the other of whom was determined not to heed them. She one day in plain English told Mr. Semple that she would be compelled to decline taking him and his friend to board after the end of the month. But Semple had been privately instructed by Miss Lucy, and answered the old lady by a reference to the agreement, "No moving in May."

At last, in her desperation, she appealed to Mr. Kirk, and asked him in so many words if he would not oblige her by giving up his room and inducing his friend to go with him elsewhere. Kirk was very much surprised, and begged to know why this request. Was he disagreeable? Was his friend troublesome? He demanded to know the reason for this sudden resolution; "for you know, Madam," he added, "our agreement was for permanent board and 'no moving in May.'"

But Mrs. Peyton was not disposed to give any reason; she protested that they were agreeable, no trouble, and all that; but she could give no reason. At length Kirk said that of course they would remove, but most unwillingly. But when it came to removal Mr. Semple, under private instruction of Miss Lucy, refused decidedly to budge. He referred Mrs. Peyton to her agreement—"No moving in May"—and explained to Kirk that "he had no idea of leaving this girl, who was so fond of him." Kirk stared at him in amazement; and for the first time the idea seemed to strike him that perhaps the simpleton was not a boaster after all. Certainly Miss Lucy had been very much with him lately.

In the midst of these doubts he was sent for by Mrs. Peyton, and, descending to the parlor, was met by that lady with an earnest appeal to induce his friend to leave the house.

"He was not welcome," she said, her indignation getting somewhat the better of her discretion.

"Then we will certainly go, Madam," said Kirk. "I will tell him so, and he will of course not refuse to go."

"I do not wish you to tell him so. The fact is, Mr. Kirk," she said, hesitatingly, "I might as well be candid with you. I have seen, and you must have seen, too, with pain that, of late, my daughter has become—become, not to say fond, but certainly rather pleased with the very marked attentions of Mr. Semple."

"What!" exclaimed Kirk, "*you* think so?"

"I am sorry to say I do."

"She likes *him*, you think? Really loves such a simpleton as Semple?"

"I do not know that you can call it love; but he is not the man I would wish for my daughter."

"Of course he isn't. A contemptible, vain ass, to come into a lady's family and make himself offensive by such acts! I did not think him a scoundrel as well as a puppy!"

"He has not been particularly offensive, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings; but I should not like to have Lucy too intimate with him, for I could not willingly recognize him as a son."

"He marry Miss Peyton! You astonish me, Madam! I never had the least idea of such a thing happening!"

"And you will induce him to leave?"

"Of course I will! I'll answer for it that he leaves immediately. The fellow is certainly crazy! I'll see that he goes."

"Oh! I shall be much obliged," said Mrs. Peyton, "much obliged indeed. We shall always be glad to see you both as friends; but my daughter has no idea of marrying—and—when can I have your rooms, Mr. Kirk?"

"My room! You want me to go, too?"

"I supposed—"

"But, Madam, I hope I have not been offensive."

"Oh, no, no."

"I have endeavored to be very agreeable both to yourself and your daughter. I—I had no intention of going myself."

"But, Mr. Kirk—" the widow began to urge, only to be interrupted.

"I'll see that he goes, Mrs. Peyton. You can depend on that; but as for myself, I think I'd better stay. I am sure you can have no objection to me—at least," and he blushed deeply, "not on those grounds."

The blush deepened, and the confusion increased, and at last Kirk, in desperation, brought the conversation to an end by rushing off to his room to settle with Mr. Semple. What the nature of the settlement was I can not say; but the result was that there was no immediate move on the part of either.

But there was noticeable a change in the manner of Mr. Kirk. He no longer left the young lady and Mr. Semple to their quiet chats in secluded corners or recessed windows. He either joined in them, or continually interrupted them, much to the disgust of Semple, and greatly to the consolation of Mrs. Peyton and the delight of her daughter, who began to perceive evidences of the jealousy she had desired to arouse. On an evening or two after the conversation above narrated, Semple and Miss Lucy had an engagement to go to the Opera. The former was disgusted, the latter much pleased inwardly, to find that Mr. Kirk was determined to go with them, and that he insisted on sitting beside her and being very attentive the whole evening. Another day he neglected his business to spend an afternoon at home, and insisted on spending it in the sitting-room, where the ladies were at work, making himself very troublesome by cutting all the paper and dry-goods scraps which he could get hold of into infinitesimal pieces, which stuck like wax to the carpet. At length he ventured to ask Miss Lucy to go out with him for an evening; but she regretted a previous engagement with Mr. Semple. "But," she added—the first word of encouragement she had given him—"you can come with us." And he did go, very much to Semple's disgust.

And, still more to that worthy's disgust, Miss Lucy and Mr. Kirk subsequently went riding of an afternoon, chilly as the weather was; and one night she heaped coals of fire on Semple's head by telling him, in reply to his invitation to Mrs. Hunt's ball, that she had previously promised to go with Mr. Kirk. Matters went on improving thus, until at length, and all of a sudden, Kirk regained all his original but quiet good-humor, and began to treat Semple as complacently as before. But he did not relax in his attentions to Miss Peyton, and it was observed by her mother, with little satisfaction, however, that she now appeared to be pleased with—not to say fond of—Mr. Kirk rather than Mr. Semple. What the nature of the understanding between Miss Lucy and Mr. Kirk which produced this result was, I can't say; but certainly the result appeared very satisfactory to them both, and decidedly unsatisfactory to Semple and Mrs. Peyton.

It was not "out of the frying-pan into the fire" this jump of Miss Lucy from Mr. Semple to Mr. Kirk; but it was just as bad in Mrs. Peyton's mind, and she fretted as much over the prospect or fear of Lucy becoming fond of Mr. Kirk as she had over that other. She continued to give out her hints; and finding none of them taken by the intruders she suddenly resolved, and as abruptly announced her intention, to sell her house and remove to the country.

"Sell the house, mother!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Indeed?" said Kirk, more quietly.

"Yes, sell the house and indeed," said the lady, sharply. "I propose to give immediate possession, and I tell you now, so that you gentlemen can hunt other lodgings."

And advertise the house the lady certainly did. Whether with the actual intention of selling or not I can not say, but in answer to her advertisement she received one such very favorable offer that she accepted as suddenly as she had resolved to sell.

And so one morning she announced that she had sold the house, that she was to give possession at the end of the month, which was April, and that she was "reluctantly compelled to ask the gentlemen to get other lodgings."

"I shall not move," said Kirk, quietly sipping his coffee—the announcement had been made at breakfast.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Peyton.

"You know our agreement was, 'No moving in May.'"

"You can hardly hope to hold me to that agreement."

"No, hardly," said Kirk; "but you see I had come to like the house so well that I did not relish the idea of leaving it, and so I bought it."

"*You* bought it!"

"Yes."

"From Mr. Merryman, the gentleman to whom I sold it yesterday?"

"Not *from* Mr. Merryman but *through* him. The fact is, Mrs. Peyton, that some time ago Miss Lucy and I concluded that this was an excellent establishment to keep house in, and I have bought the house with the intention, if you have no very serious objections to me—I have no family so you can't object to my relations—of marrying your daughter and setting up an establishment here."

It is not necessary, I hope, to tell how much the lady and Mr. Semple were surprised; how she was mollified, and his wounded feelings were soothed; and how that, finally, there was at that house "no moving in May."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the 14th of last February a young gentleman residing in Leicester sent the following valentine to a young lady in London:

Delicate Ears And Radiant Eyes
Scatter Their Wiles In Leicester;
Leicester Your Offer Under-Buys,
Each Maiden Is Not Esther.

In the course of a few days he received this answer:

Declare, Edwin! Can Love Impart
Never Entrancement Dearer,
Will Interest Thy Hand—Thy Heart—
And Never Kiss Sincerer!

It will be seen, on examination, that the initial letters of the first of these rather complicated verses form the words, "Dearest, will you be mine?" and those of the second, "Declined with thanks."

How the railroads in this country were created and propelled—Vander-bilt and Daniel Drew.

THE WINE DUTY—Passing the bottle.

"My dear, what shall we get for dinner to-day?" "One of your smiles," replied the husband; "I can dine on that any day." "But I can't," said the wife. "Then take this," said he, giving her a kiss, and departing for his office. He returned to dinner. "This is excellent," said he; "what did you pay for it?" "What you gave me this morning," said she. "The deuce you did!" said he; "then you shall have market-money the rest of the time."

"A DEED OF SETTLEMENT"—Murder.

AGRICULTURAL.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife, to rake up old quarrels, to hoe a grudge, and to sow discord.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cotter;
John Stiles was stout as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper
Till both their faces grew as red
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking.
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate
(John's mouth was like a hopper),
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A Portland school-house caught fire the other day, and as the boys watched it, one in another school said, enthusiastically and honestly, to his companion, "Oh, Johnny! don't you wish it was our school-house?"

TIGHT PANTS—Asthmatical breathings.

An old gent of the "original Teutonic persuasion" entered into business conversation with an artist in marble. Says he, "Mister, I vants a doom stone for my wife vots det, and I vants you make him mit little angels on." "All right," replies the accommodating artist, and the price was arranged. "Vell, now," said he, "what you charge for one doom stone for me, as I dies soon, too, and may as well gits him now?" The price was fixed, and the old man, turning to go, said, "Dat's all right; I gives you dat, but mind, Mister, I vants my little angels mit trowsers on."

When does a non-ritualist lose his temper?—When he gets incensed!

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

Some go to church just for a walk;
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to meet a lover;
Some the impulse oft discover;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there the time to spend;
Some go to learn the parson's name;
Some go there to wound his fame;
Many go there to doze and nod;
But few go there to worship God!

A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a farm-house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished.

"Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here."

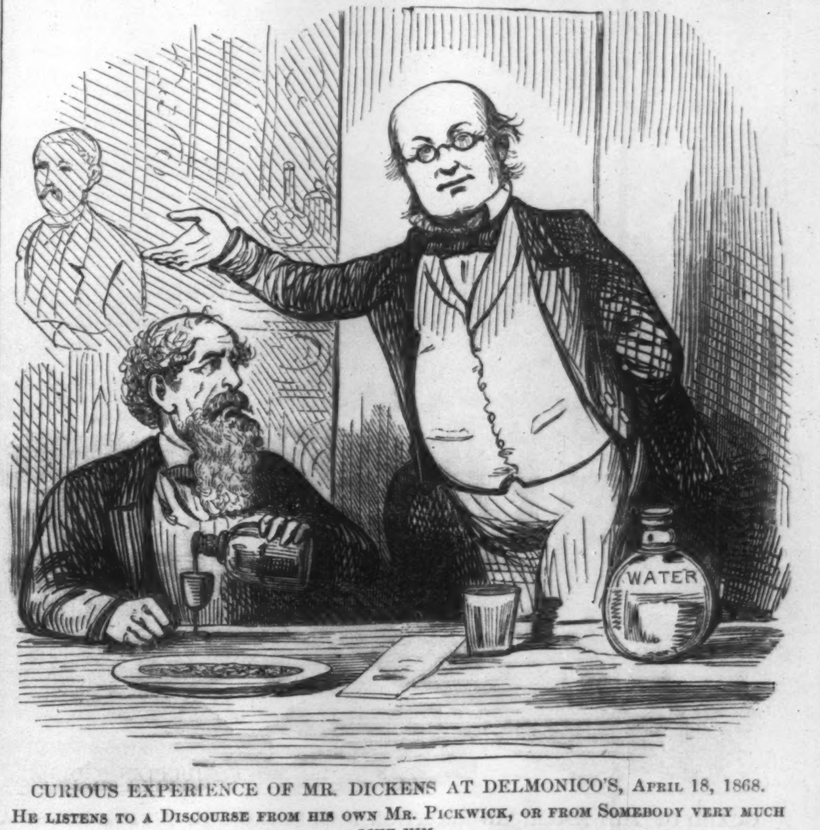
"Yes, Sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain it was clean. "Well, Sir," said the lady, "can I do any thing more for you?"

"Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.

"You ought to acquire the facility of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easy enough," responded the nephew, "by staying *at home* with my wife and children."

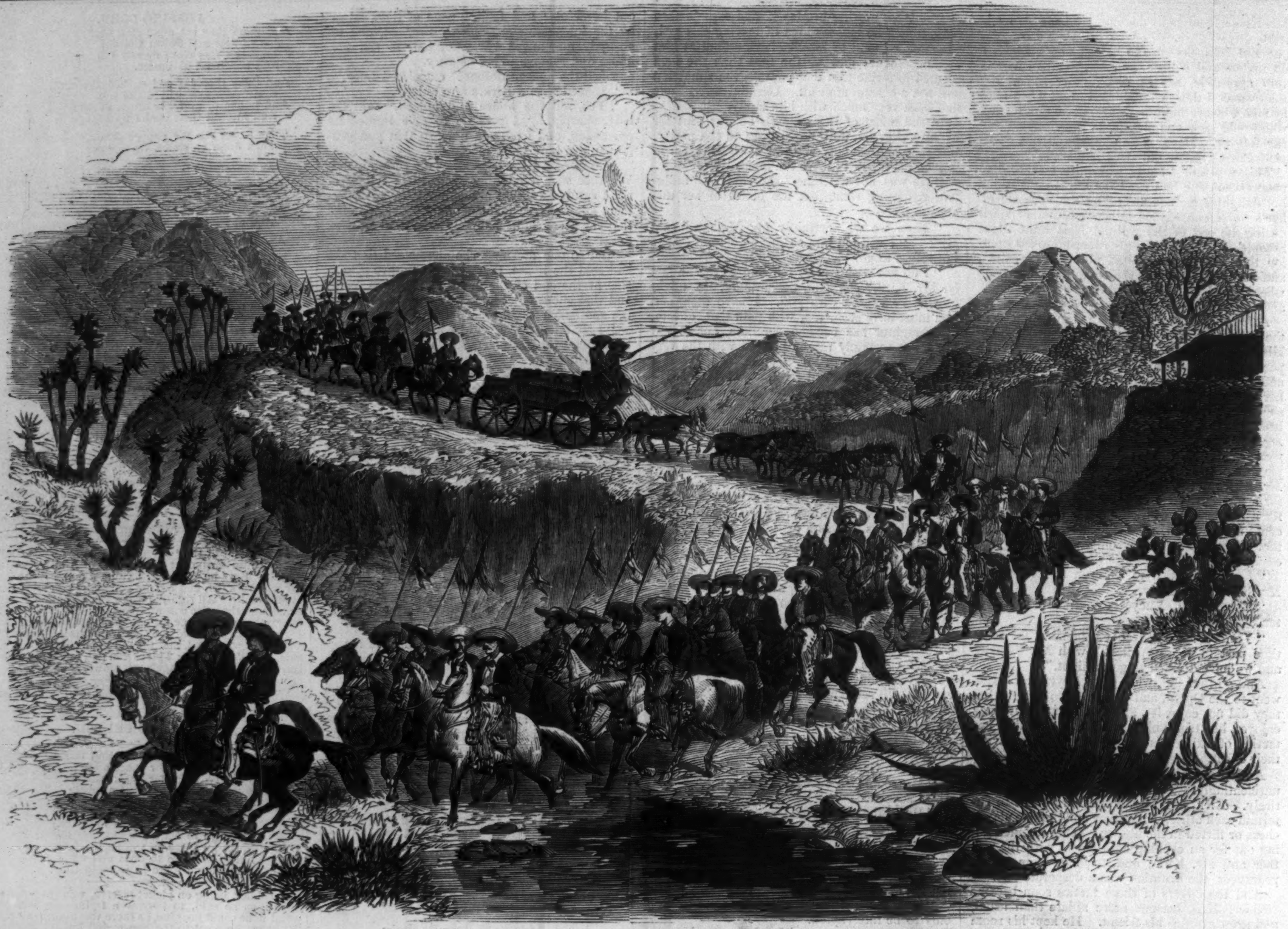
The following inscription, which was copied from a tombstone in a church-yard at Liverpool, may be recommended to the collectors of curious monumental epitaphs:

Oh, cruel death! how could you be so unkind
As to take him before and lave me behind!
Why didn't you take both of us, if either,
Which would have been better for the survivor!



CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MR. DICKENS AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 18, 1868.

HE LISTENS TO A DISCOURSE FROM HIS OWN MR. PICKWICK, OR FROM SOMEBODY VERY MUCH LIKE HIM.



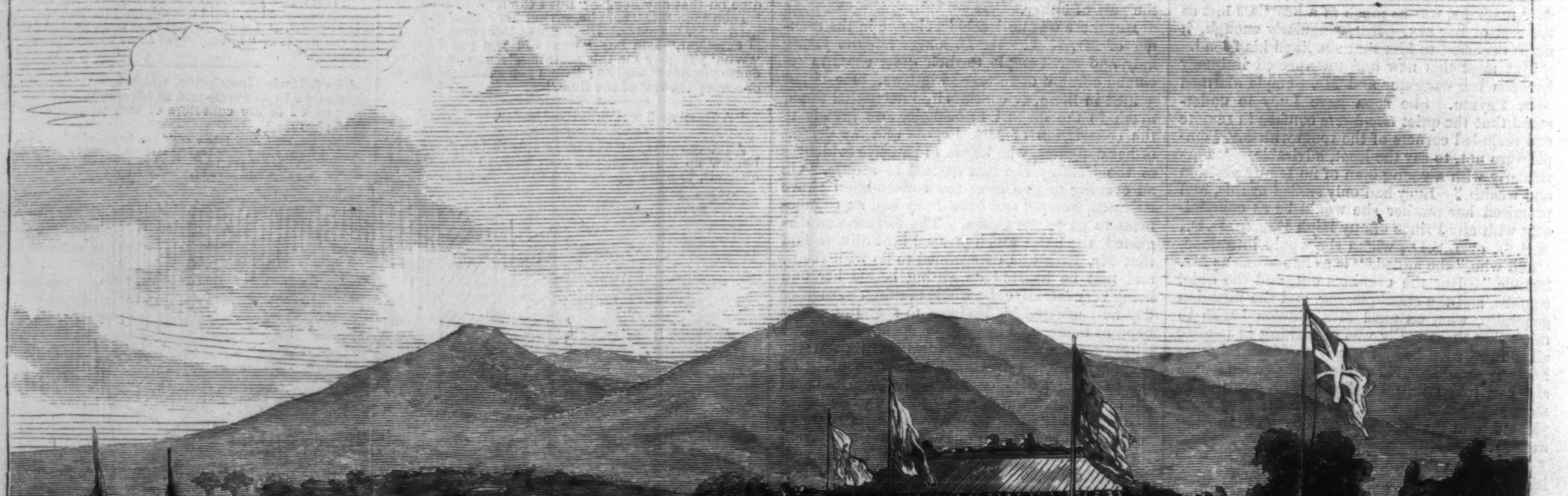
CONVEYING SILVER FROM THE REAL DEL MONTE MINES TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

MEXICAN TREASURE-GUARD.

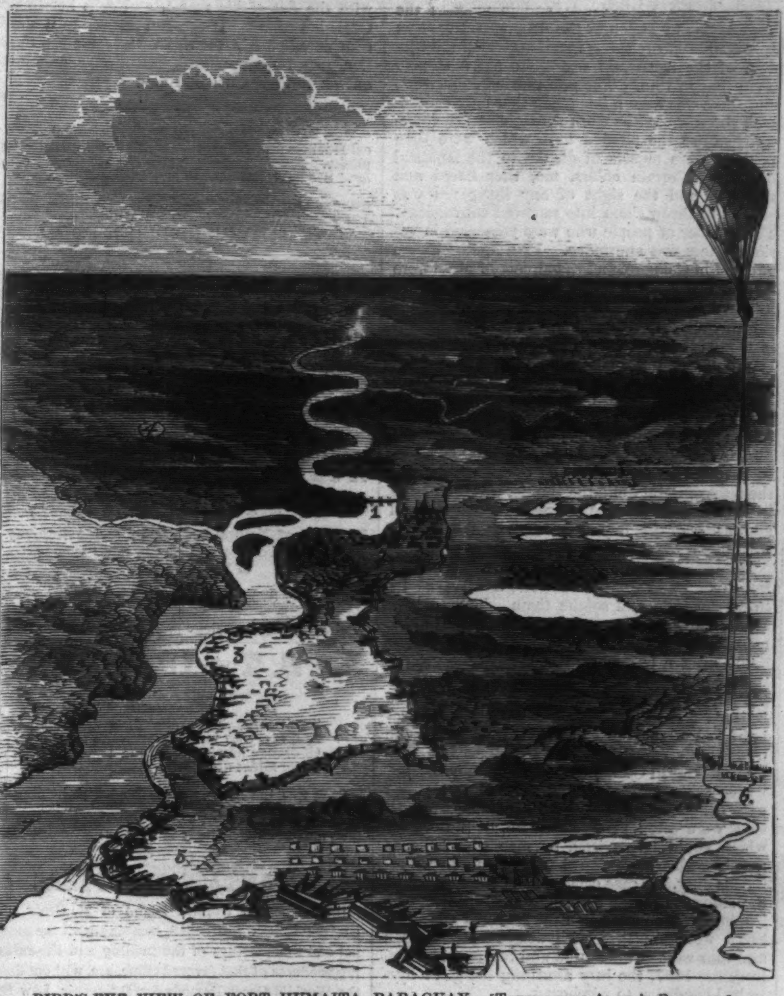
THE illustration above shows the march of a guard of Mexican soldiers conveying treasure from the Real del Monte mines to the capital of the Republic. These mines are situated about 56 miles northeast of the city of Mexico in the Mexican Cordilleras, and are 9000 feet above the level of the sea. The mines have been known since 1749, but have been vigorously worked only since 1826. At that period an English Company obtained possession of them, but after working them for 22 years, they produced about $5,000,000 less than the expense incurred. A Mexican Company then purchased them, and soon after struck a vein which appears to be exhaustless, and which is known as the "Great Rosario Vein."

THE JAPANESE REVOLUTION.

THERE is probably no part of the world abroad in which the people of the United States are more deeply interested at this time than in the remote East, and particularly in Japan. The connec-



GUARD OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION DEFENDING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND FOREIGN RESIDENTS AT KOBE, JAPAN.—[SKETCHED BY FRED. G. S. MELBYE.]


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT HUMAITA, PARAGUAY.—[TAKEN FROM ALLEN'S BALLOON.]

tions which are now forming, and which will soon bring Yeddo within a few days' instead of a few weeks' distance of New York, are of the most important character. They have been treated of largely in this paper. Here we propose simply to give, in addition to the particulars and illustrations hitherto published, later facts in regard to the revolution now going on in Japan, and which it will be remembered was precipitated by the opening of the new ports of Osaca and Hiogo to foreign trade.

Our former dates gave an account of the defeat of the Tycoon and his flight to Osaca. From here he moved with his army in the direction of Kioto, and on January 26 he met a force of the rebels under Fusima near that city. A battle or rather grand skirmish ensued, continuing several days, and resulting, after the loss of two or three hundred killed on either side, in the defeat of the Tycoon. He fled to Osaca; and on January 31, at daylight, continued his flight, in his man-of-war, the *Kai-o-mar*, to Yeddo.

On the approach of the rebels the Foreign Representatives and residents left Osaca and repaired to the men-of-war stationed in the harbor near the mouth of Dry River, on which Osaca is situated, and which is about seven miles from the city. At this point there has long been a foreign settlement known as Kobe. The American, Prussian, and Italian Ministers were removed by the United States steamer *Iroquois* to Kobe; and here, with the British Minister, they took possession of the Custom-house, which is three or four miles east of the mouth of the river, and upon which they displayed their flags.

Osaca was given up to the mob; and on February 1 the deserted palace or castle of the Tycoon was burned. This was supposed to be the oldest, and was certainly one of the most remarkable buildings in Japan.

On the 4th of February one of the retainers of a rebel Prince, Mats-daira-Bizen-no-Kami, with about 200 or 300 armed men, marched through the main streets of Kobe, insulting and finally attacking the foreign residents. On approaching the Custom-house they fired upon it, wounding two French marines and one American. General VAN VALKENBURGH, the American Minister, promptly ordered his guard to advance to the defense of the residents and the Custom-house, and to attack the enemy. The guard, under command of Lieutenant WILLIAM H. EMORY, at once engaged the Japanese; and being immediately supported by the marines of the *Oneida* and *Iroquois* under command of Commander JOHNSON BLAKELY CREIGHTON, commanding the *Oneida*, and led in person by Commander EARL ENGLISH, commanding the *Iroquois*, and also by the marines and sailors of the English ship *Ocean*, under command of Captain STANHOPE, they soon dispersed the Japanese. The latter abandoned their brass cannons and baggage and fled to the mountains. The illustration on page 300, by our artist, Mr. FREDERICK G. S. MELBYE, represents the United States sailors and marines moving to the attack.

A further attack on the settlement was feared, and earth-works were thrown up and batteries put in position; the main streets were barricaded and pickets posted in various directions. A few skirmishes ensued, in which one of the marines of the *Oneida* and a sailor of the *Iroquois* were wounded; but no one was killed, nor was further damage done.

On February 4 a special Envoy Extraordinary from the Mikado arrived at Hiogo, with the design of entering into negotiations with the Foreign Representatives. After repeated interviews it was definitely arranged that the privileges granted by the Tycoon to foreigners should be continued by the Mikado; and the Tycoon having meantime abdicated (thus bringing the Tycoonage, which has existed for 300 years, to an end), the Foreign Representatives recognized the new dynasty. General VAN VALKENBURGH then formally demanded that the Japanese Government should apologize for the insult to the United States flag, and the punishment of the officer who commanded the party attacking the Custom-house. When our artist closed his communication preparations were going on for the execution of this officer.

VIEW OF HUMAITA.

THE fall of Fort Curupaity and the probable end of the war in Paraguay by the capture of Ascencion, its capital, directs public interest in that direction. The war has now been progressing for about three years. It was originally begun by Brazil and the republics which border on the Rio de la Plate to obtain the freedom of the Paraguay and Parana rivers, which form the Plate. Several provinces of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation can only be reached by these rivers; and when LOPEZ, the Dictator of Paraguay, closed them to Brazilian and Argentine traffic, as the rebels once did the Mississippi River to Northern steamers, the people of Brazil

POPULAR DEMONSTRATION AT VIENNA, AUSTRIA, ON THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL MARRIAGES BILL.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

and the Argentine and Uruguayan republics determined, as did the people of the North, that the rivers should be opened. This was the cause of the war. The operations have been almost exclusively confined to the siege of Humaitá and Curapaity, which are on the Paraguay River, near its confluence with the Parana. Our engraving shows the long line of works which form the two forts, and which were lately captured. The details of the closing operations of the two and a half years' siege have not come to hand. When they do, the reader will find our illustration of great assistance to him in comprehending the descriptions. Fig. 1 in the engraving shows the locality of the bridge above Humaitá held by the Paraguayans; Fig. 2, the city of Humaitá; Fig. 3 is the town of Curapaity; Fig. 4, the town of Chaco; Fig. 5, the Fort of Curapaity; Fig. 6, the camp of the Allies from which the balloon ascension was made; and Fig. 7, the location of the Allied gun-boats.

CIVIL MARRIAGES IN AUSTRIA.

Austria, according to the pithy saying of her own Radical politicians, is like an old coat—nothing improves her so much as a good beating. In time of peace, with a full exchequer, the Emperor ruled with a high hand, regardless of the liberties of Austrians and laughing at the boasted Constitution of Hungary. But when trouble came, and the Austrian army was defeated at Solferino in 1859, then the policy of the Government was changed. The peace of Villafranca was followed by the blessings of a Constitutional Government for the Austrians, and by an earnest effort for the pacification of Hungary.

The result of the defeat at Sadowa, in 1866, has been even more beneficial to the interests of popular government in the Empire. The movement begun eight years ago has been accelerated and carried far on toward its triumph. The victory gained over Austria by the Prussians in 1866 was in itself far more significant than that won by the French in 1859. It was the victory of a Protestant Power; and to that extent it was also the triumph of Protestantism itself, and threw Roman Catholicism in Europe upon the defensive. It was the victory of a nation recognized as foremost upon the Continent in the progress of education. And thus the lesson taught to Austria by her defeat disclosed the weakness of Roman Catholicism, both as an organ of political growth and as the regulator of public instruction.

The fruits of this lesson are seen in the installation of popular ministers, responsible to Parliament, and in the recent legislation of the Reichsrath. Not only have the various religious sects in the Empire been placed upon a political equality, but the institutions of education have been to a large extent released from clerical domination.

In harmony with this liberal policy is the passage of the Civil Marriages Act by the Upper House of the Reichsrath. Hitherto marriage has been considered a sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church—it has now become legal without clerical sanction. Here, then, is a fresh blow aimed at the Romish Church, and against which the clerical party remonstrates in vain.

But if the Romish Church protests the people rejoice. An eye-witness thus describes the enthusiasm which followed the passage of the bill in the streets of the Austrian capital:

> "At five the result of the debate was made known in Vienna; at seven the town was brilliantly illuminated, save where the Jewish colleges, monasteries, and the Cardinal's palace in the Rothenthurmstrasse left dark blots on the otherwise unbroken lines of light. In another hour the suburbs had followed the city's example, Leopoldstadt and Wieden especially distinguishing themselves; and the whole population of the Kaiserstadt—bar the priests, who kept close enough—turned out into the streets to celebrate the triumph of the 'Honest Government.' Later in the evening—from nine to ten—bodies of citizens, several thousands strong, marched, cheering and singing the National Hymn, from one Minister's residence to another, giving each member of the Cabinet an ovation, and obtaining a few words from Giskra, Auersperg, and Herbar, in answer to their thundering '*Vivats*.' Not the slightest demonstration was made opposite the Cardinal's palace, nor was a single member of the priesthood insulted or molested. When the procession got to the Josefsplatz, where the statue of the great patriot and Sovereign stands, under the shadow of the Burg, the Viennese citizens surrounded the image of their beloved monarch, and greeted it with nine as hearty and ringing cheers as ever were heard within the confines of the empire. At eleven, without disorder of any kind, the population of Vienna returned home, and the memorable 21st of March came to a worthy and glorious end."

The new policy of the Austrian Government is well expressed by the Minister of Public Instruction: "Society may be Catholic, but the State can not be Catholic if it wishes to be just to all its citizens."

THE DANCING MANIA.

Most people have, at one time or other, seen some poor creature affected with those curious and painful convulsive movements which are commonly called Saint Vitus's Dance. That, at least, is the popular name for the terrible affection, of which even now we have some instances among us; but it must not be confounded with the Dance of Saint John or Saint Vitus, a mania in the Middle Ages, although they have some points of resemblance. There was the dancing mania in Germany called Saint John's Dance, in Italy called tarantism (from the supposed bite of a spider); and we have also records of it in Abyssinia, where it has been named the tigretier, from the name of the country, Tigré, in which it most commonly occurs.

As early as the latter part of the fourteenth century large numbers of men and women in Germany, both in places of worship and in the streets, behaved as if they were possessed by devils. They danced in circles for hours together, leaped high into the air with wild gestures and contortions, and, after raving for some time, they fell to the ground completely exhausted. Strange to say, in a few months this terrible disease spread rapidly in the Netherlands, and in most of the large towns of Belgium the demoniacal dancers appeared. Every thing was done which the wisdom of the age could suggest to put a stop to them, but in vain. The priests tried exorcisms, and there was even a law made that only square-toed shoes should be worn throughout the country, because the pointed toes, which were then popular, were objects of dislike to the fanatical dancers. Certain colors, too, they hated and shunned, and the sight of any thing red was enough to throw them into renewed convulsions. The number of people who were possessed in various places was enormous. Five hundred were affected in Cologne, and the streets of Metz were said at one time to have been filled with eleven hundred of them.

Many stories of dancing plagues were current in medieval times, even before the Saint John's Dance broke out in Aix-la-Chapelle. A mad rage for dancing had at various periods been manifested by large bodies of men, and even children had caught the contagion in their youth, and been afflicted with an incurable tremor for the rest of their lives. These dancing plagues seem to have arisen from the wild orgies with which the feast of Saint John the Baptist was celebrated in medieval times: and the religions and medical authorities of that day were wholly unable to cope with them.

Music of a rude kind always accompanied troops of Saint John's Dancers, and served by turns to excite and soothe them. They did of course an immense amount of mischief in every town they visited, and had they not found in Saint Vitus a patron saint, under whose protection they supposed themselves to be, it would have gone hard with them. Moreover, people believed them to be innocent victims to Beelzebub, and to be possessed with devils, like the persons mentioned in the Bible. These fanatics were luckier in Germany than in other countries, where those possessed, and the people charged with being the authors of the demoniacal possession, were often persecuted with all the cruelty which could be devised, by men who believed that in such persecution they were fulfilling a religious duty. A case occurred in Scotland, where the supposed authors of the demoniacal fits of leaping and dancing in a girl named Christian Shaw were punished with death. Three men and four women were tried and burnt at Paisley, in June, 1697, the jury ascribing the girl's hysterical condition to witchcraft.

As a natural consequence of the spread of the dancing mania, the hysterical affections of women were merged into it. Women, as is well known, are much more susceptible of nervous impressions and disorders than men. This is especially the case when they live confined and solitary lives; and some amusing instances are on record of how the nuns in a convent may be affected by sympathy.

A case occurred in France, where in a large conventual establishment one of the nuns suddenly took it into her head to mew like a cat. Soon afterward, other nuns began to mew also. When this had gone on for a short time others followed the example; and, in the end, the whole of the nuns in the convent would mew for hours together, at a stated time in the day. This sort of concert so alarmed and disgusted the people of the neighborhood, that the police placed a guard of soldiers at the convent doors; and the nuns were told that unless they stopped their insane amusement the soldiers would enter and whip them. The threat had the desired effect.

A still more remarkable case of this kind of sympathy is the convent epidemic of the fifteenth century. A nun in a convent in Germany began to bite her companions. Then all the nuns in the same house commenced biting each other. And this was not all; for when the news of this biting mania spread, it went from convent to convent in Germany and Holland, and even the nuns in Rome took to the same infatuated practice.

A dancing mania exists at this time in Abyssinia, resembling in many ways that just mentioned. This is the tigretier, so called, as we have said, from its being specially developed in the Tigré country. It commences with fever and lingering sickness, which makes the patient very thin and debilitated, and causes him to stutter in a curious way, that no one but a person afflicted with the same disease can understand. When the relatives of a patient have come to the conclusion that he really has the tigretier they club their money together to pay for the cure, which is generally an expensive process. There is a cheap way, however, which is first tried—a sort of exorcism, and a tremendous drenching with cold water. This may be effectual, but it has also the disadvantage of very often hastening the patient's death.

The more approved method is a ceremony of a curious kind, very much like that adopted in the medieval cases of tarantism. A number of musicians are hired, and the friends and relatives of the unhappy patient assemble with them in a circle, well supplied with bowls of intoxicating liquor. The music then strikes up, and the patient, at first only slightly affected by it, in a short time commences a violent dance. Women, as we have seen in the case of other nervous disorders, are more often attacked by the tigretier than men; and when a woman has it, she is loaded with all the bangles, amulets, and other rude specimens of jewelry that her friends can supply. During the dance, which often goes on for several days, and when her gestures and contortions reach a climax, she throws them off, and they are restored one by one to their owners. At the sunset of the day on which the treatment ends, if it ends successfully, she will all at once start off running at a great pace for some hundreds of yards, and then suddenly drop down prostrate. A man comes up to her and fires a musket over her head, strikes her on the back with the flat of his sword, and calls her by her Christian name. If she can answer to it she is considered cured; for those who have the tigretier, says an eye-witness, are always unable to answer to their Christian names.

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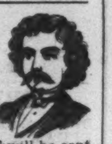

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